



The FLINTSTONES

ALL NEW STORIES
and ART



NO. 10
JAN.
CDC

a Hanna-Barbera and PEBBLES
Production

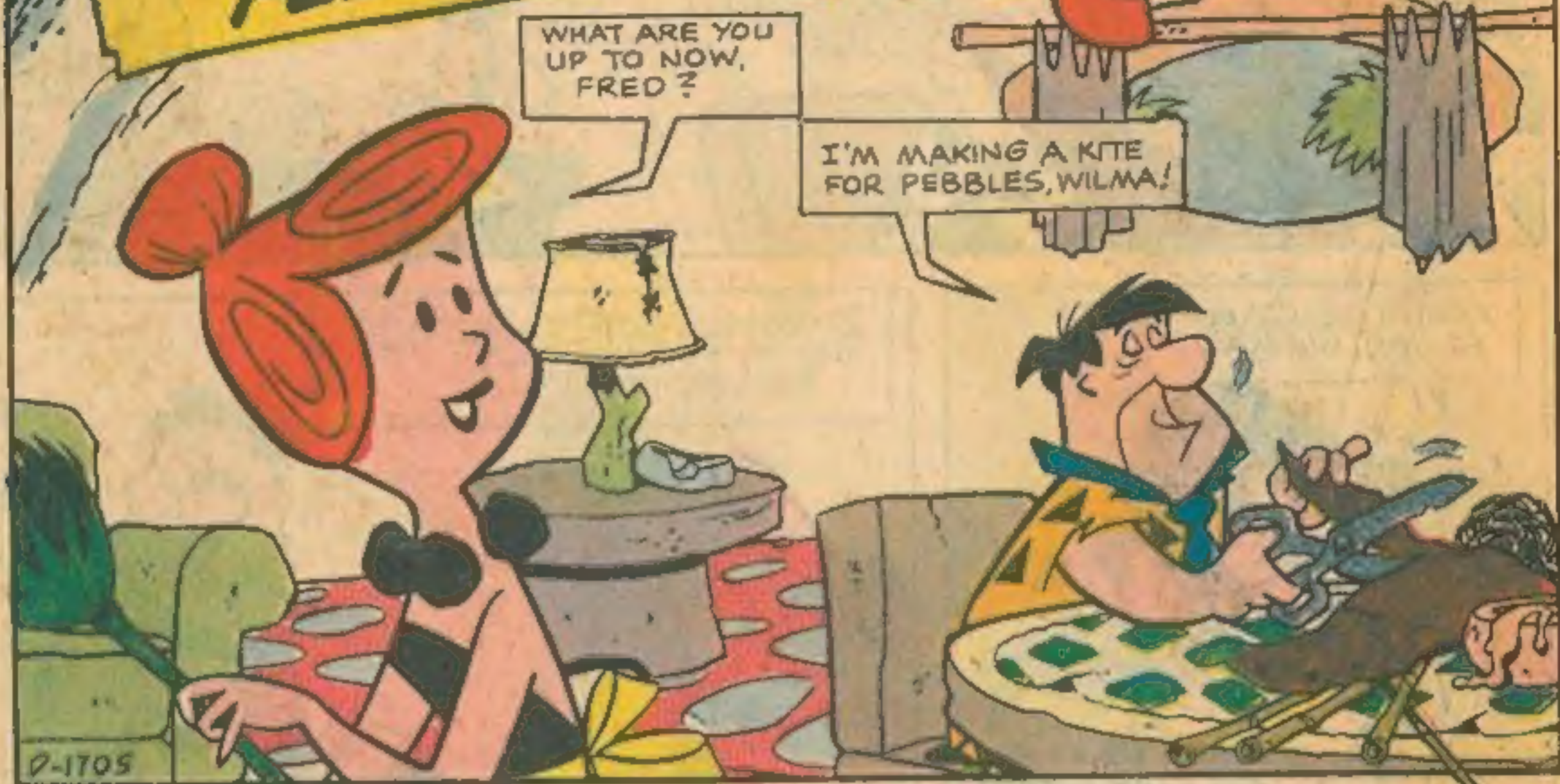
20¢



00748

Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES and PEBBLES

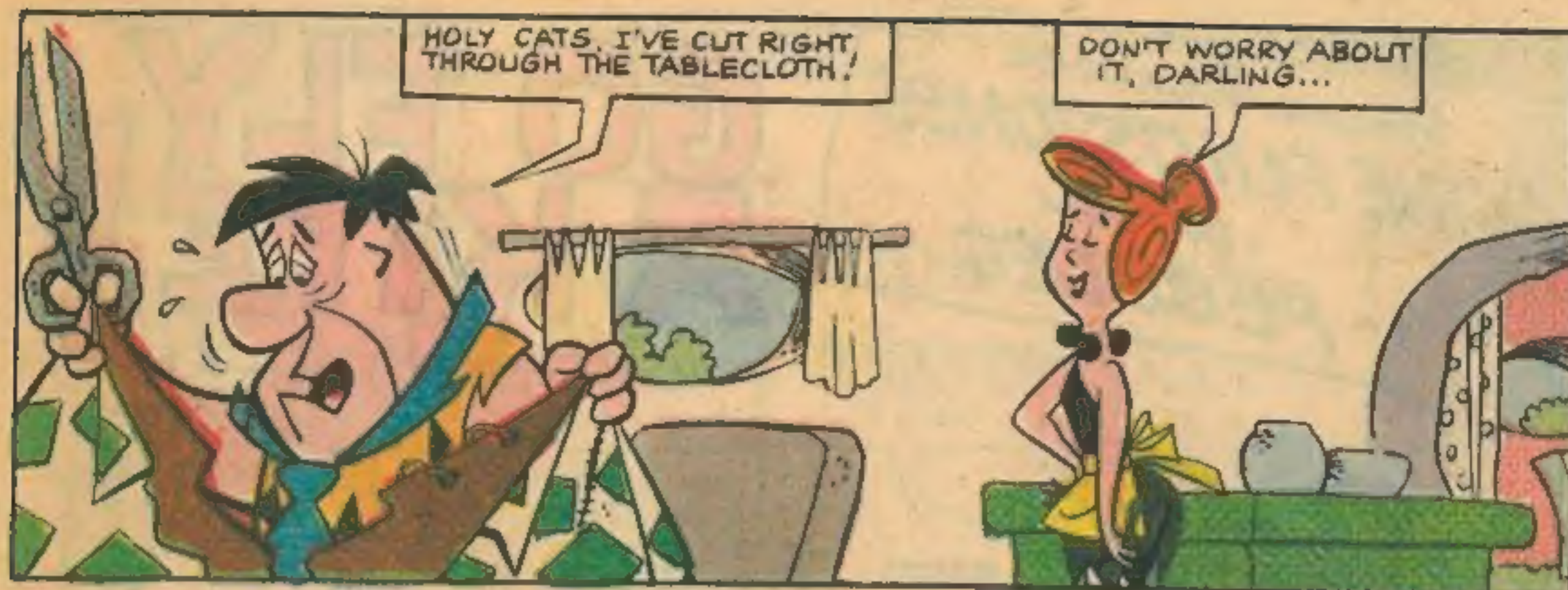
GO FLY A KITE!



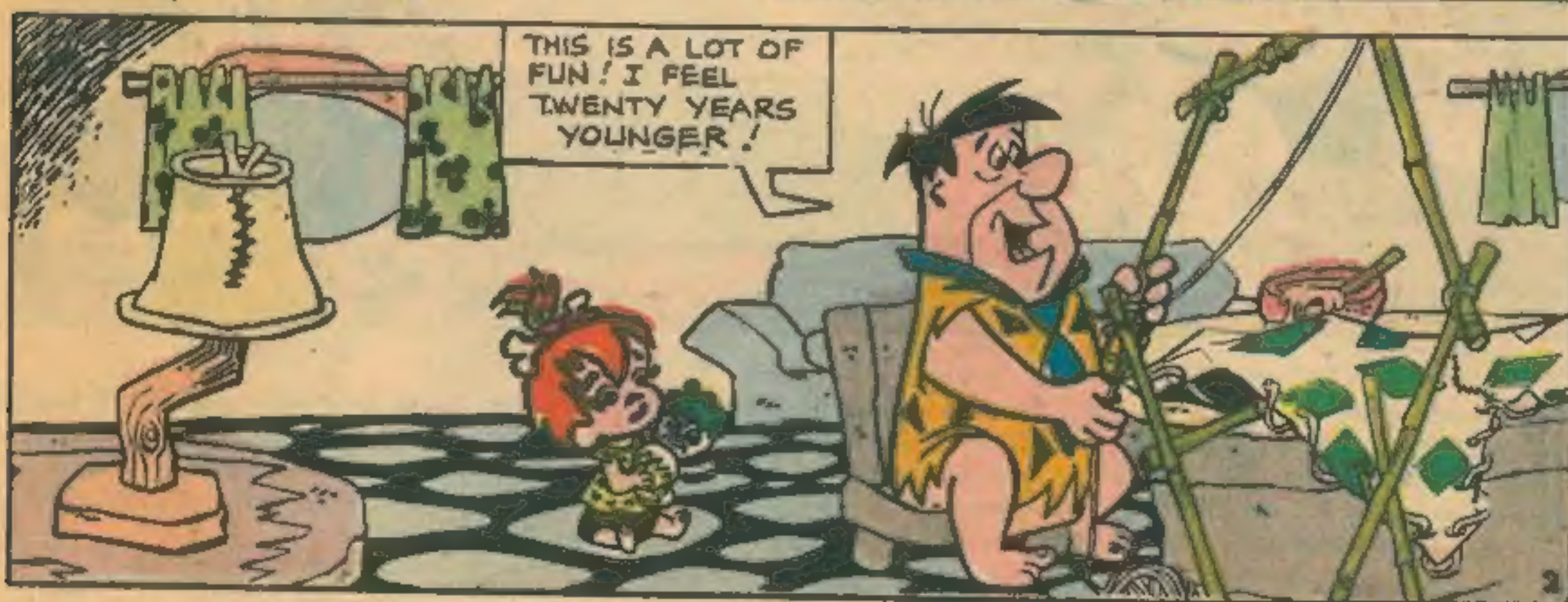
THE FLINTSTONES Vol. 3, No. 10 January, 1972.

published every six weeks by Charlton Press, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class postage paid at Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1977 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.50 annually. Printed in U. S. A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

© 1977, HANNA BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.



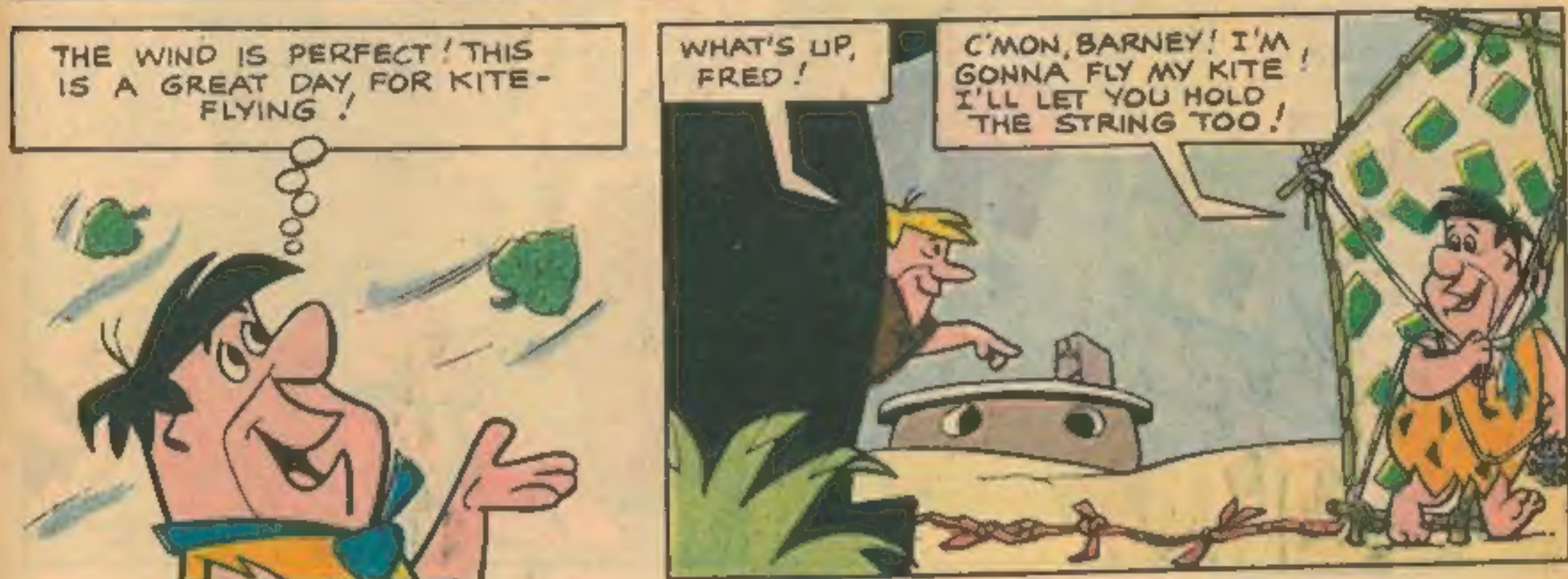
WELL... SINCE THE TABLECLOTH IS RUINED ANYHOW...





LATER...

THIS IS A GOOD STRONG STRING FOR FLYING MY KITE!



THE WIND IS PERFECT! THIS IS A GREAT DAY FOR KITE-FLYING!

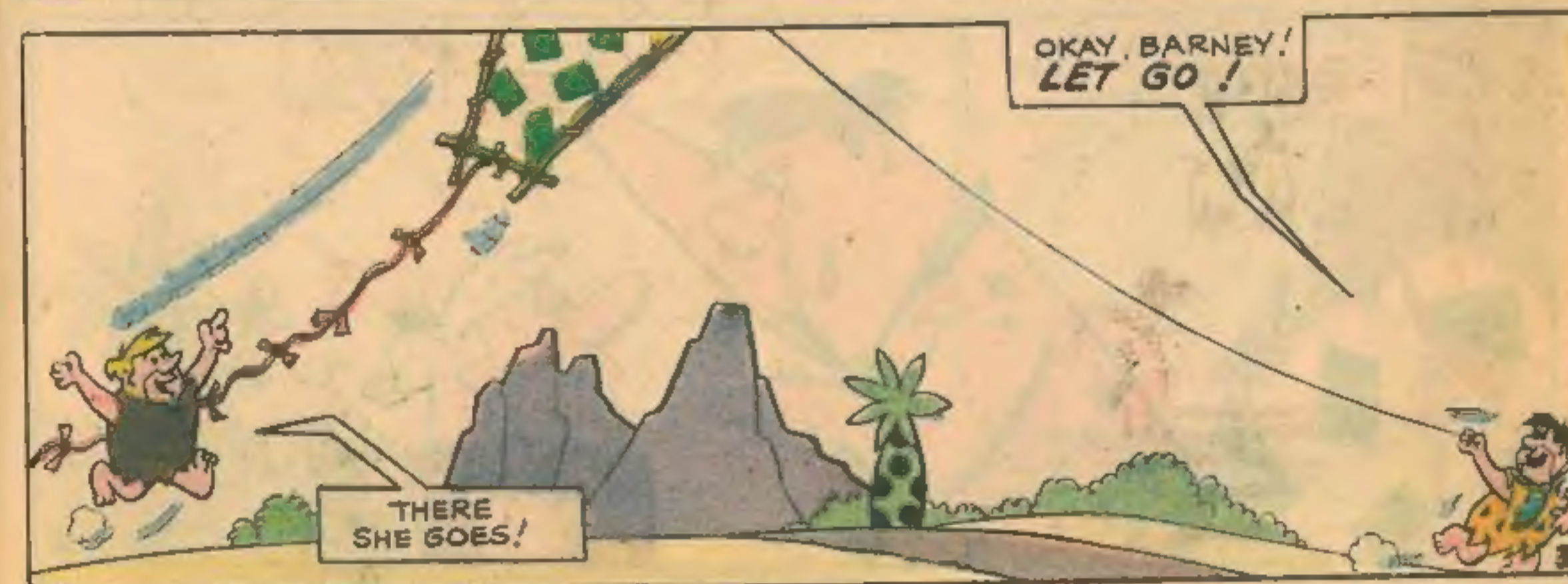
WHAT'S UP, FRED!

C'MON, BARNEY! I'M GONNA FLY MY KITE! I'LL LET YOU HOLD THE STRING TOO!



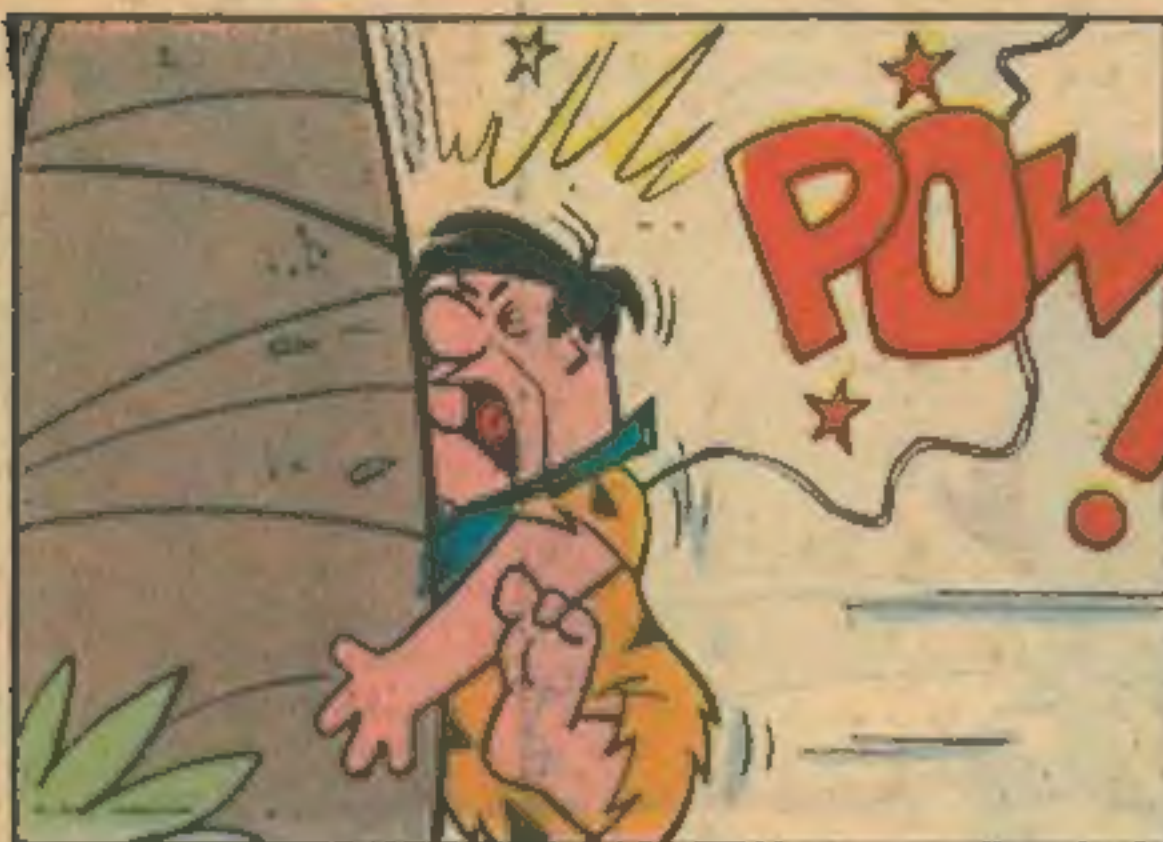
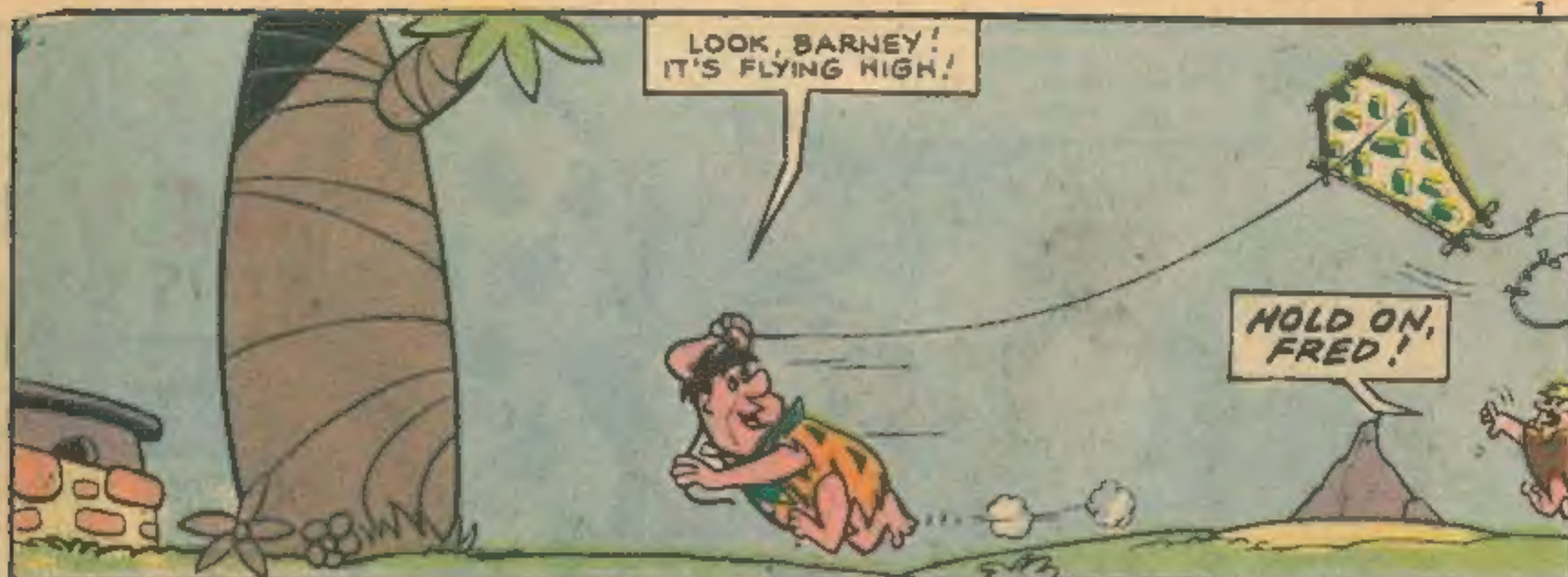
YOU LET IT GO WHEN I HOLLER, BARNEY!

YEAH, FRED! I'M AN EXPERT AT KITE-FLYING TOO!

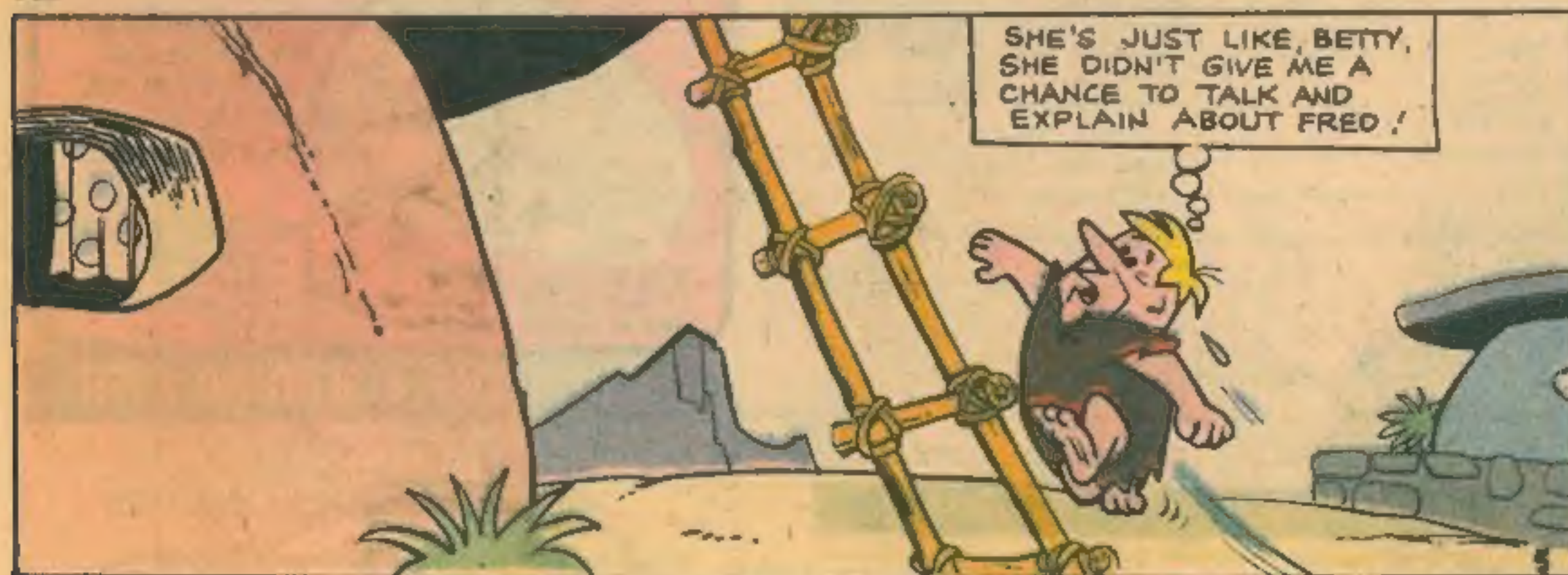
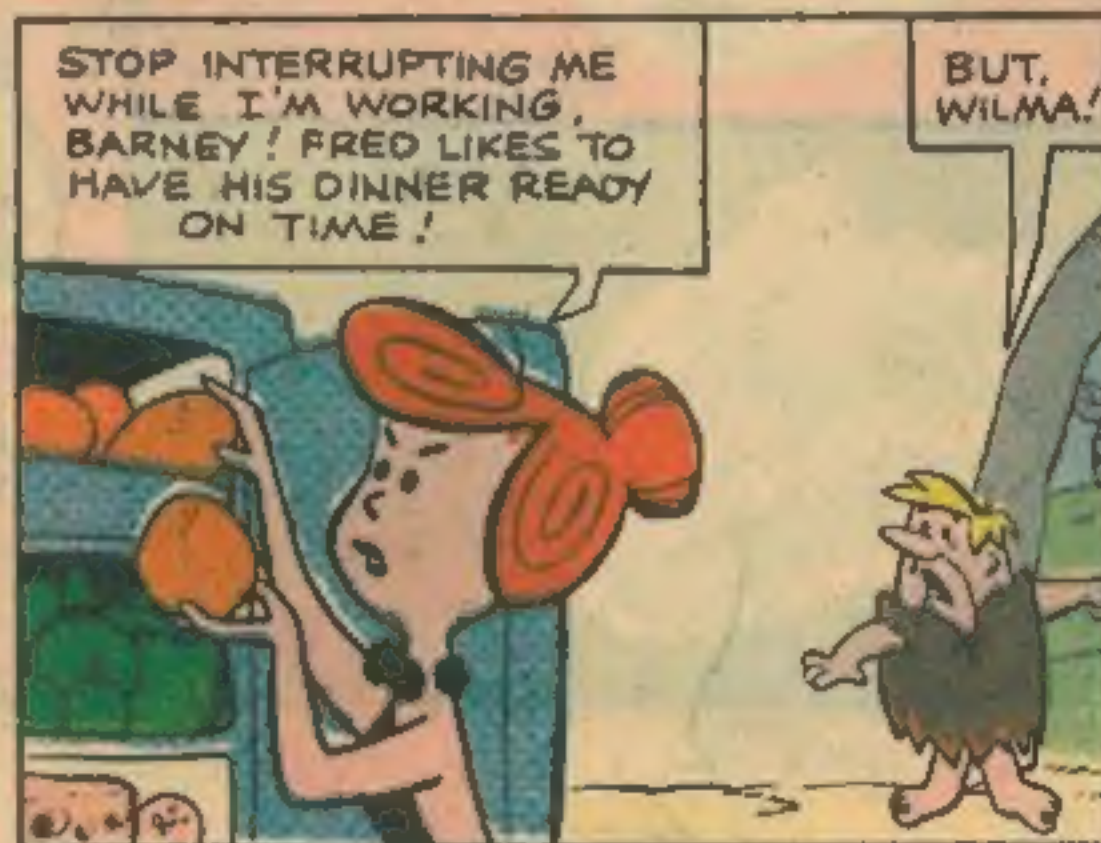
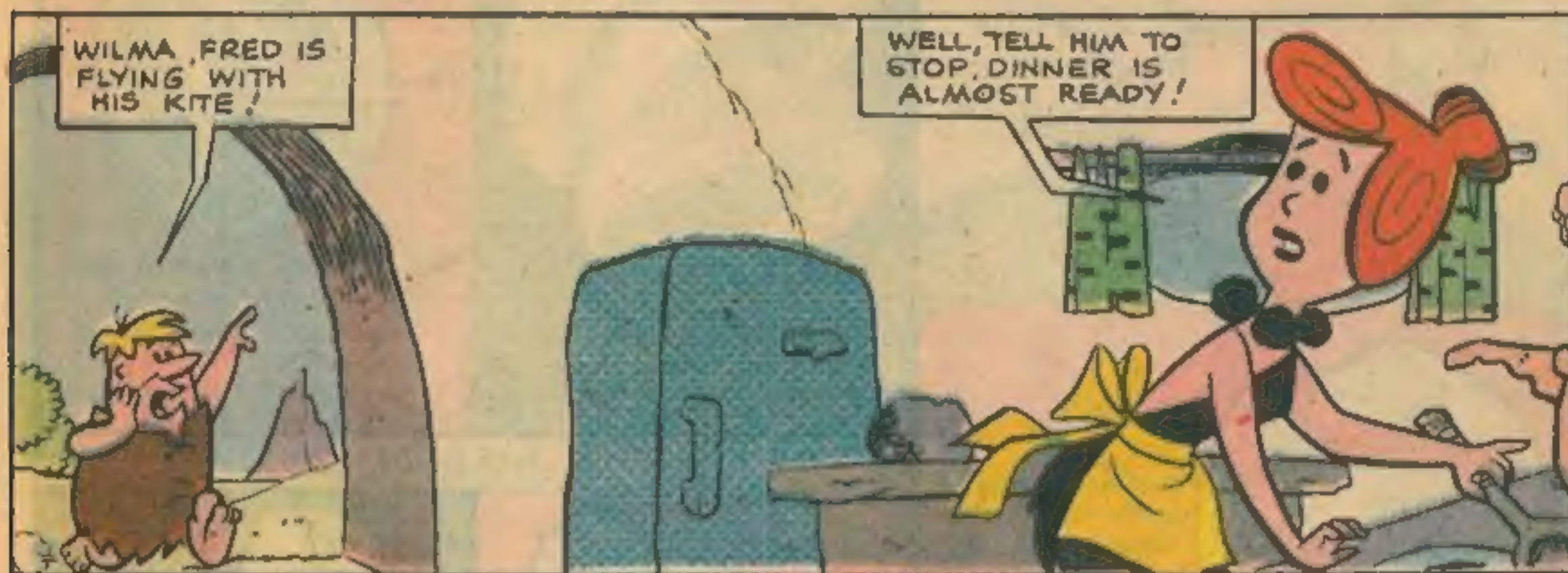


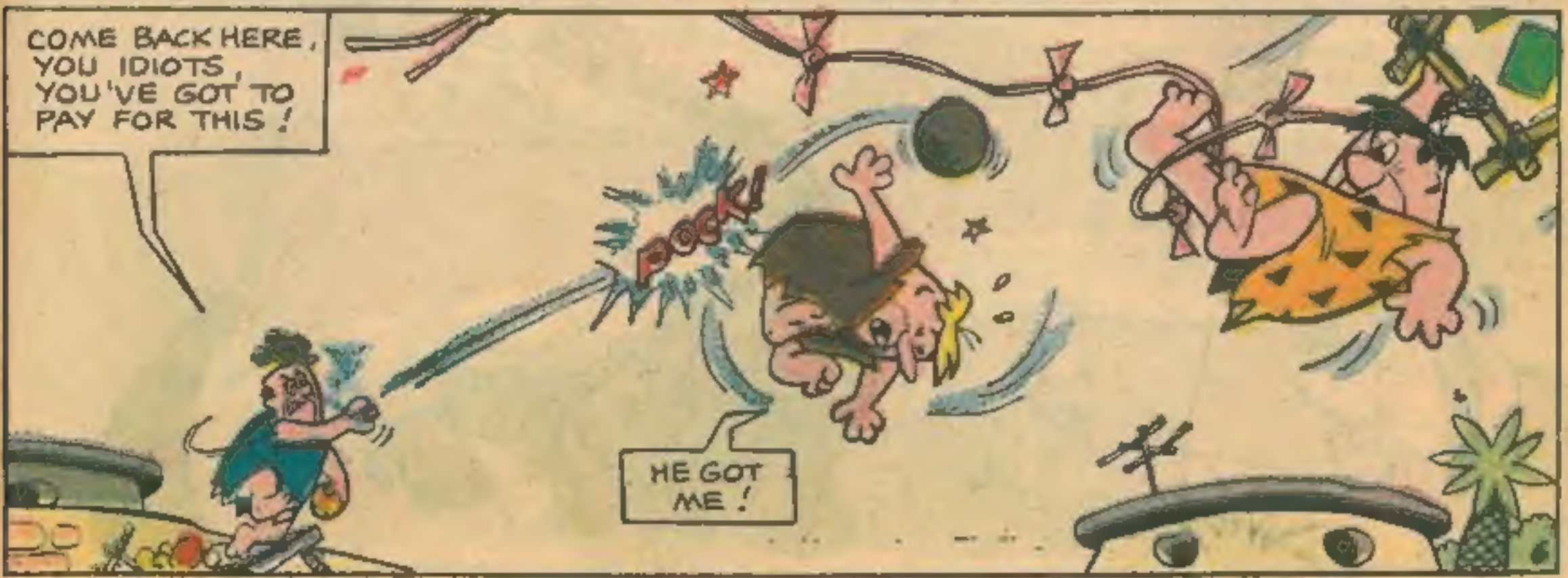
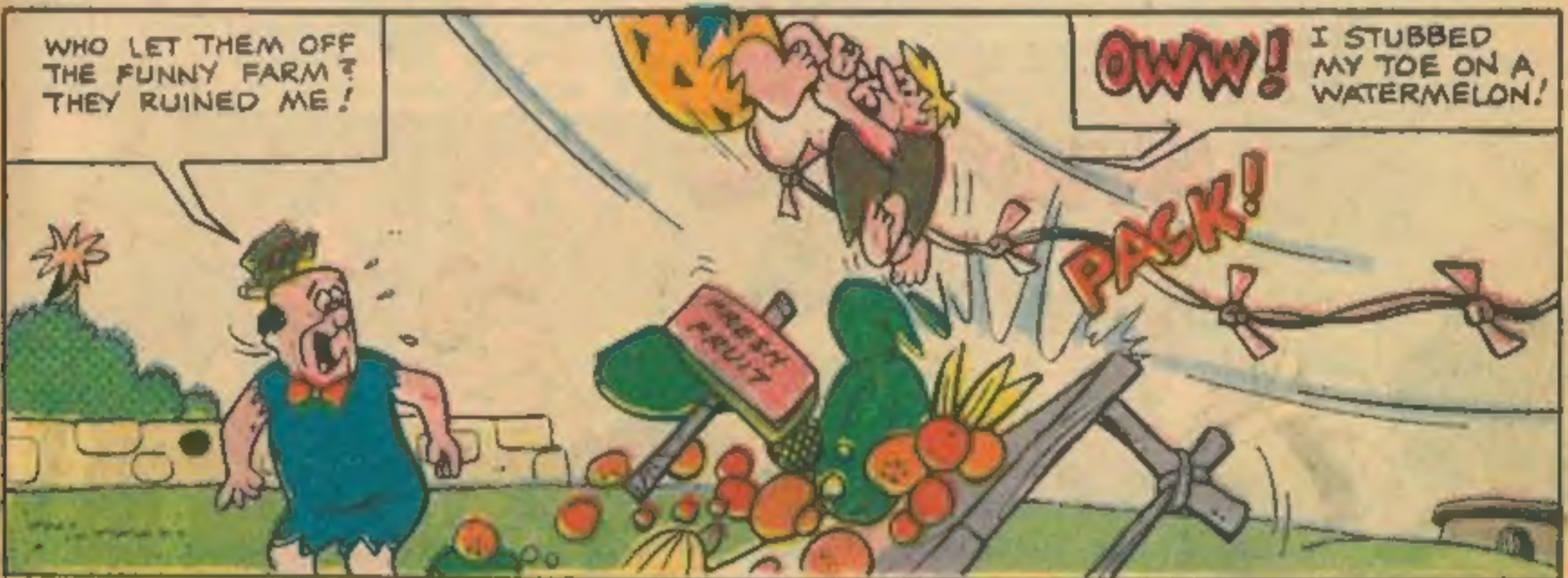
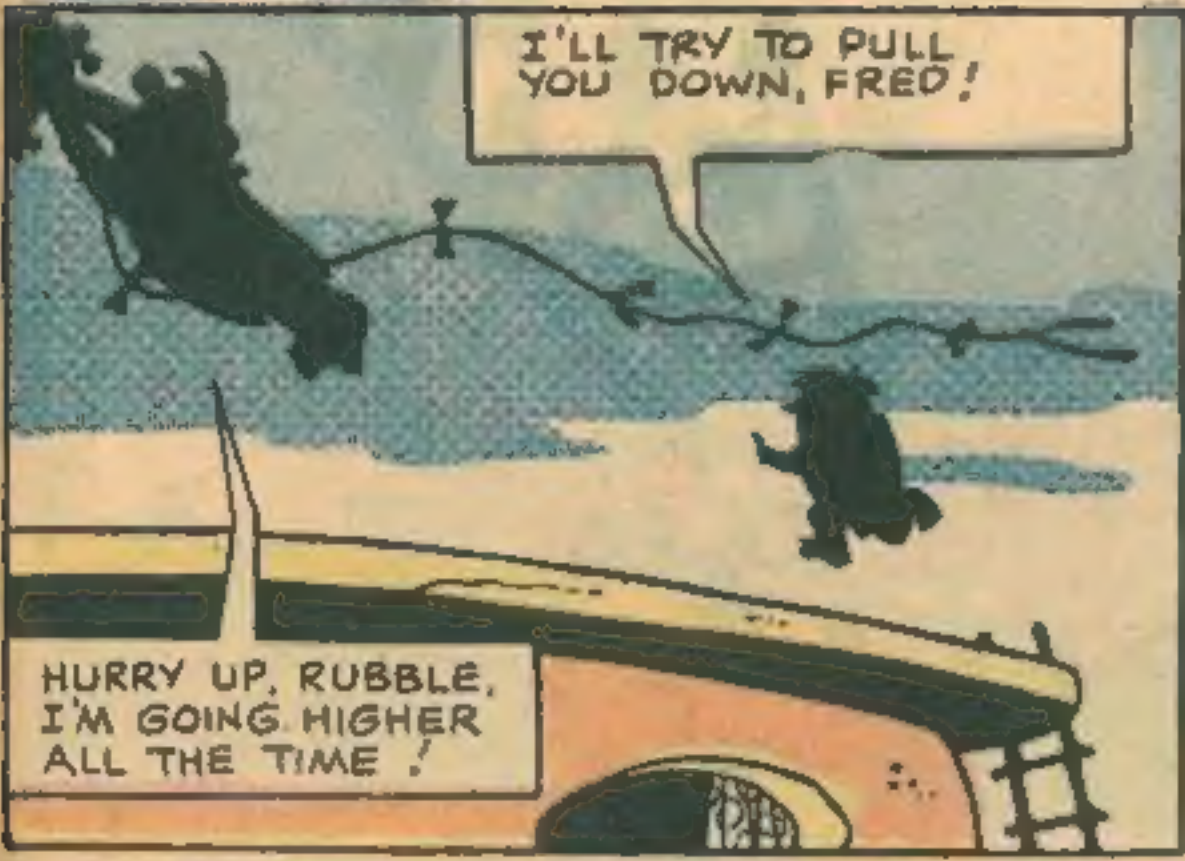
OKAY, BARNEY! LET GO!

THERE SHE GOES!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



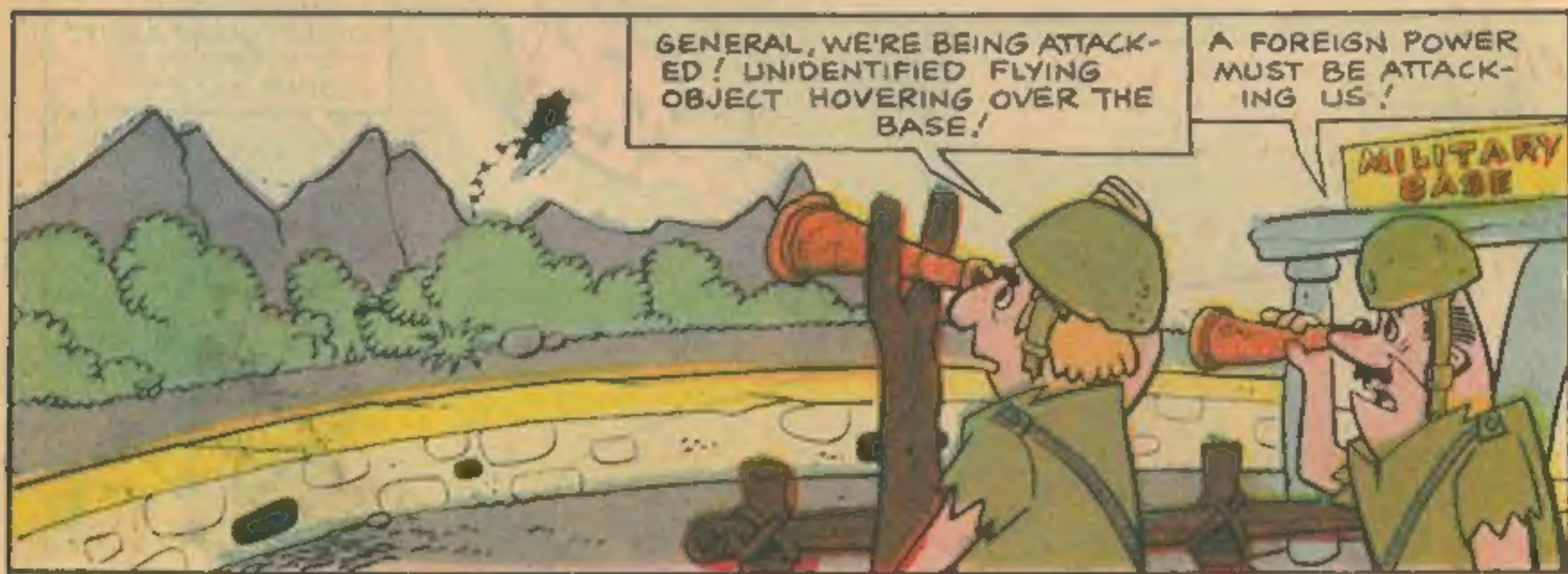




I WISH I
HAD WINGS!



HOW'M I
GONNA
GET DOWN
FROM
HERE?



GENERAL, WE'RE BEING ATTACK-
ED! UNIDENTIFIED FLYING
OBJECT HOVERING OVER THE
BASE!

A FOREIGN POWER
MUST BE ATTACK-
ING US!

MILITARY
BASE



LOAD THE SURIAN-SLINGS! THEY
WON'T CATCH US NAPPING!
I'LL SOUND THE ALARM!

WE'RE
READY,
CHIEF!

OWWOONWOON



READY! AIM! FIRE!
WE GOTTA SHOOT
THAT THING OUTA
THE SKY!

FIRE!



WHAT A HORRIBLE CREATURE!

M-MAYBE IT'S FROM ANOTHER PLANET!



I'LL MAKE HIM CONFESS! WHAT FOREIGN POWER SENT YOU TO ATTACK?

IT'S MY TURN, GENERAL!



BUT POOR FLINTSTONE'S MOUTH IS FULL OF MUD! HE CAN'T TALK!

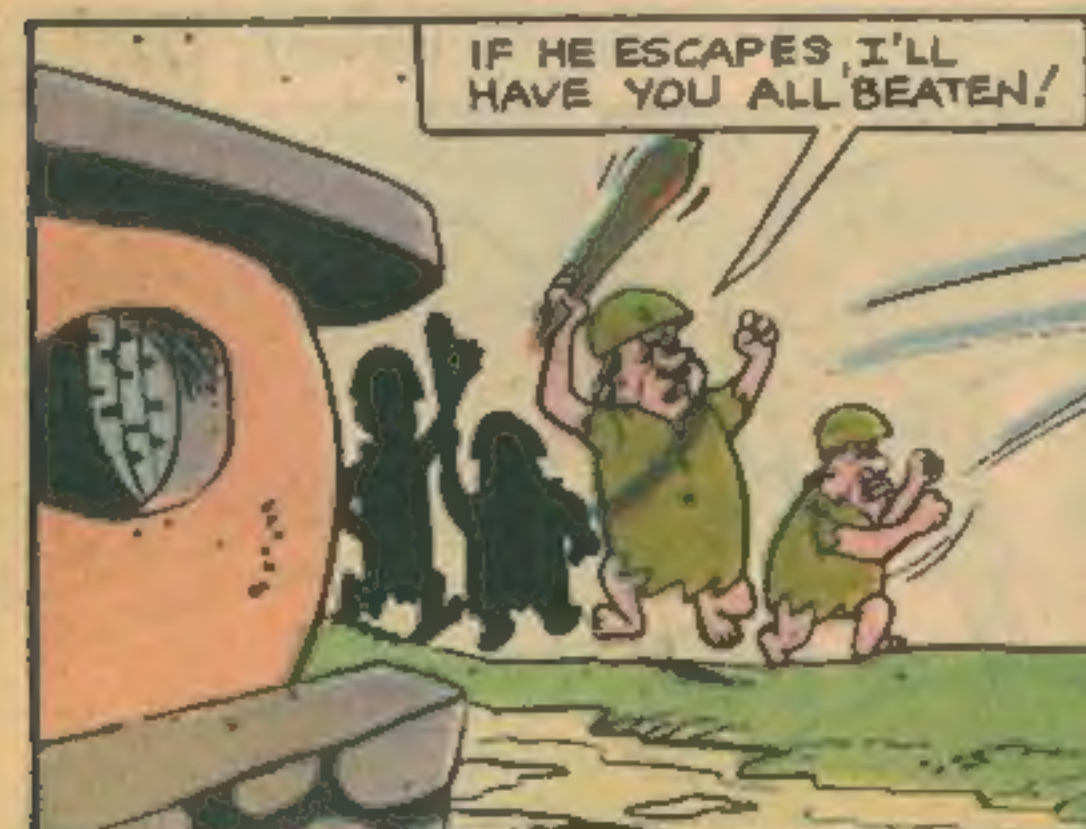
FUDUMM! WUFFLE! GLUGG!

HE'S SPEAKING A STRANGE LANGUAGE, SIR! HE IS FROM ANOTHER PLANET!



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THOSE MANIACS OR THEY'LL KILL ME!

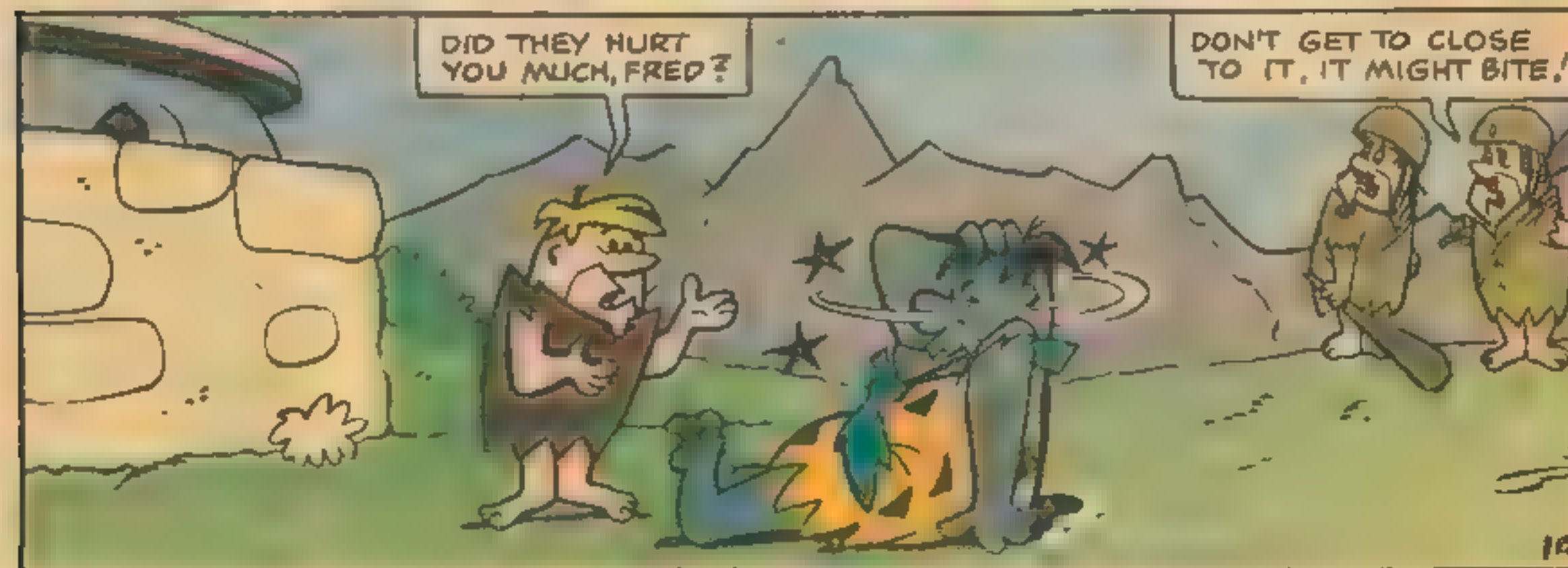
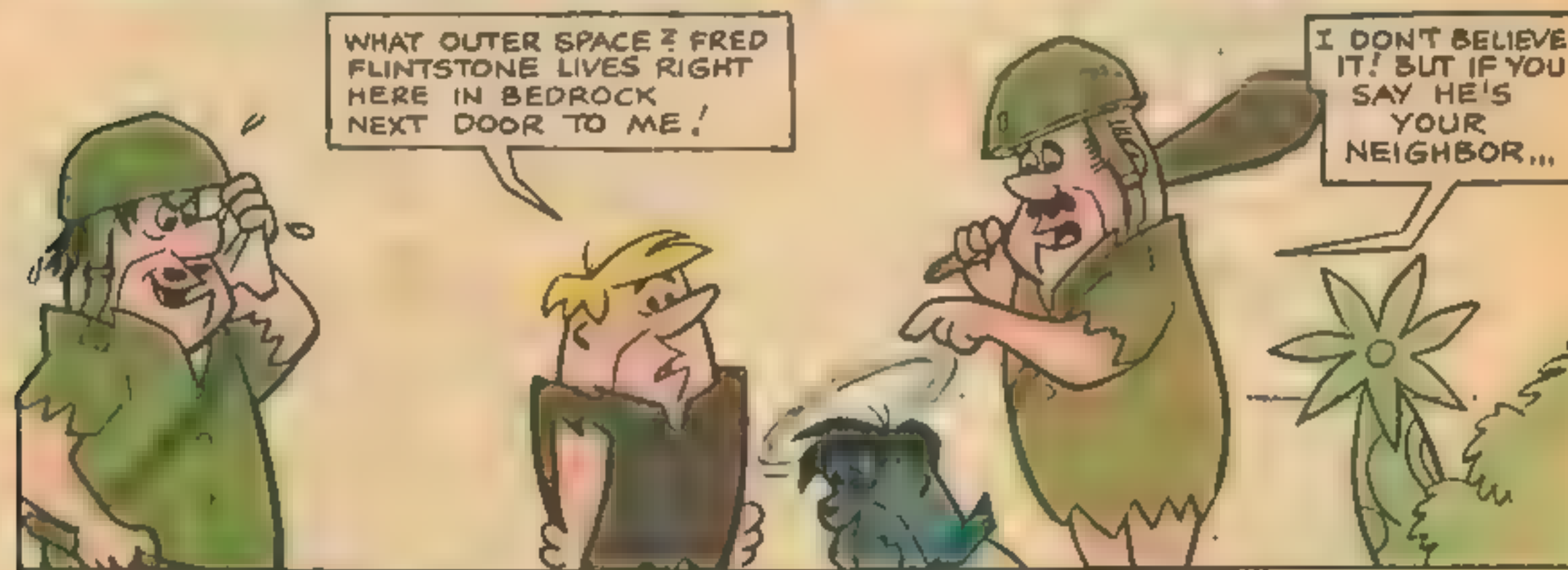
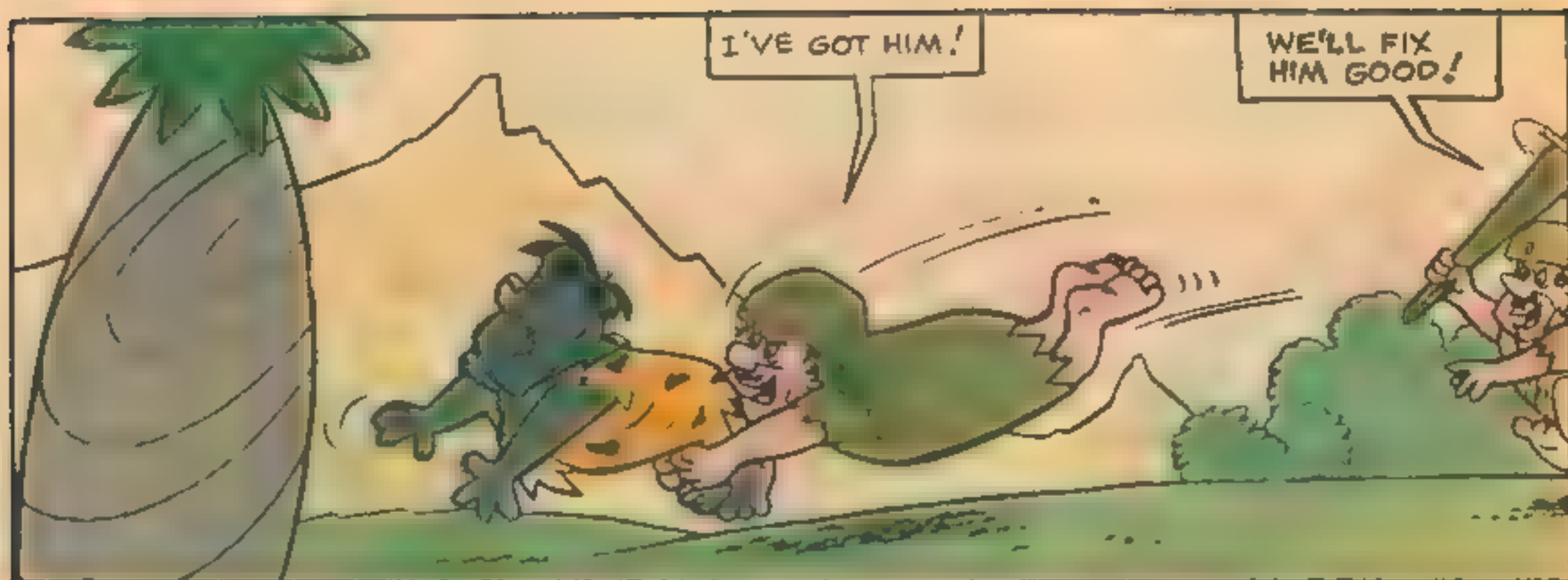
AFTER HIM, HE'S ESCAPING!

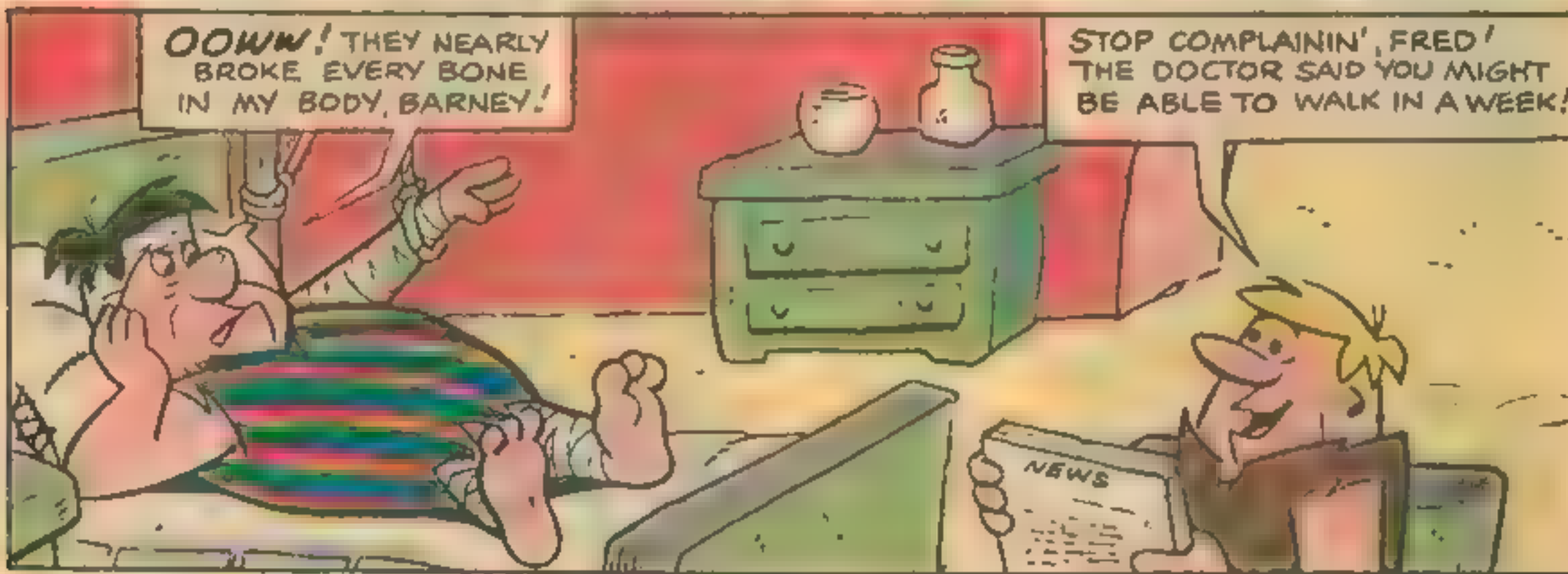
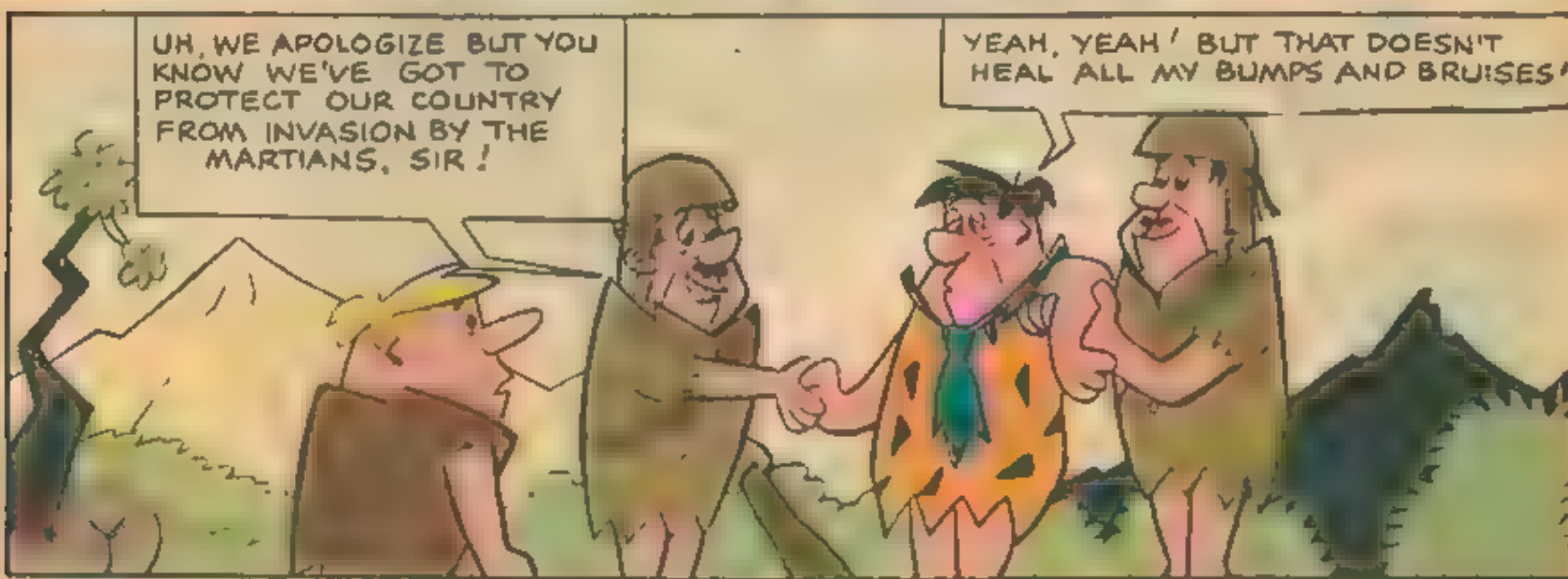
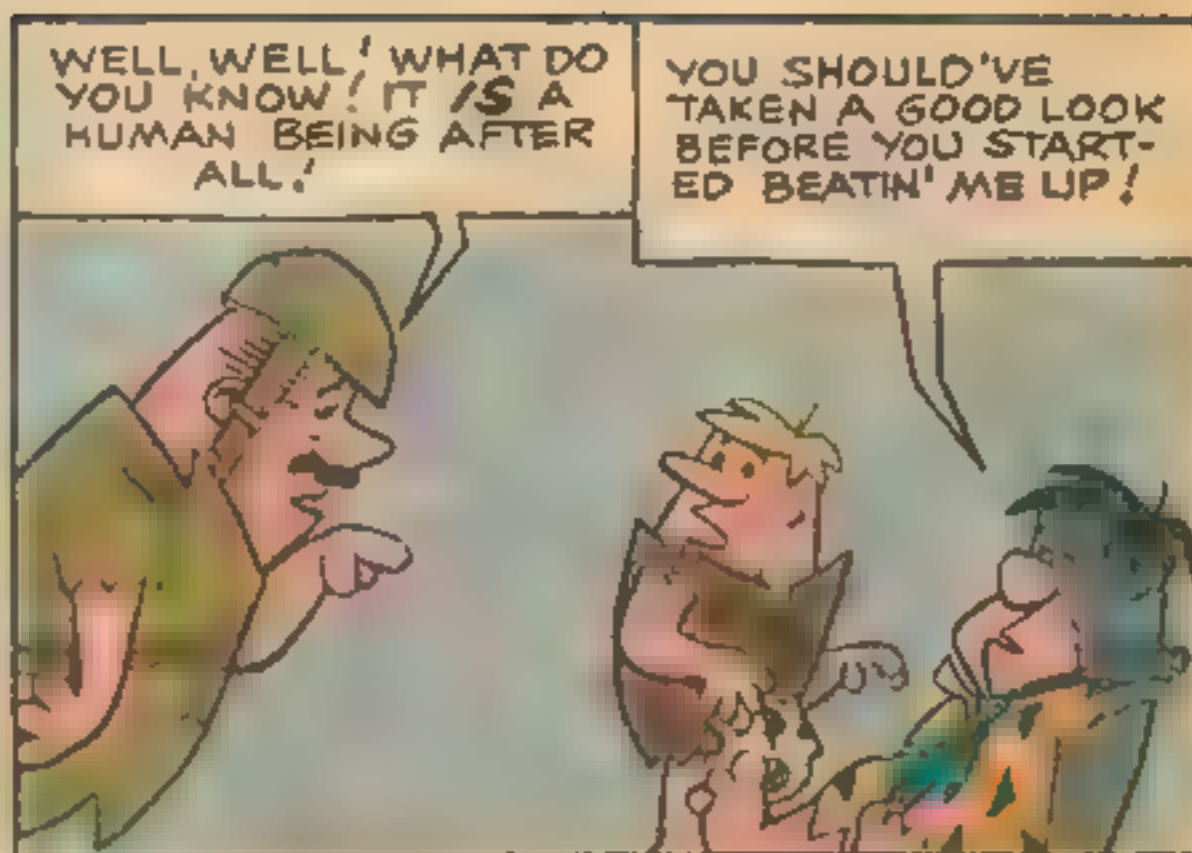
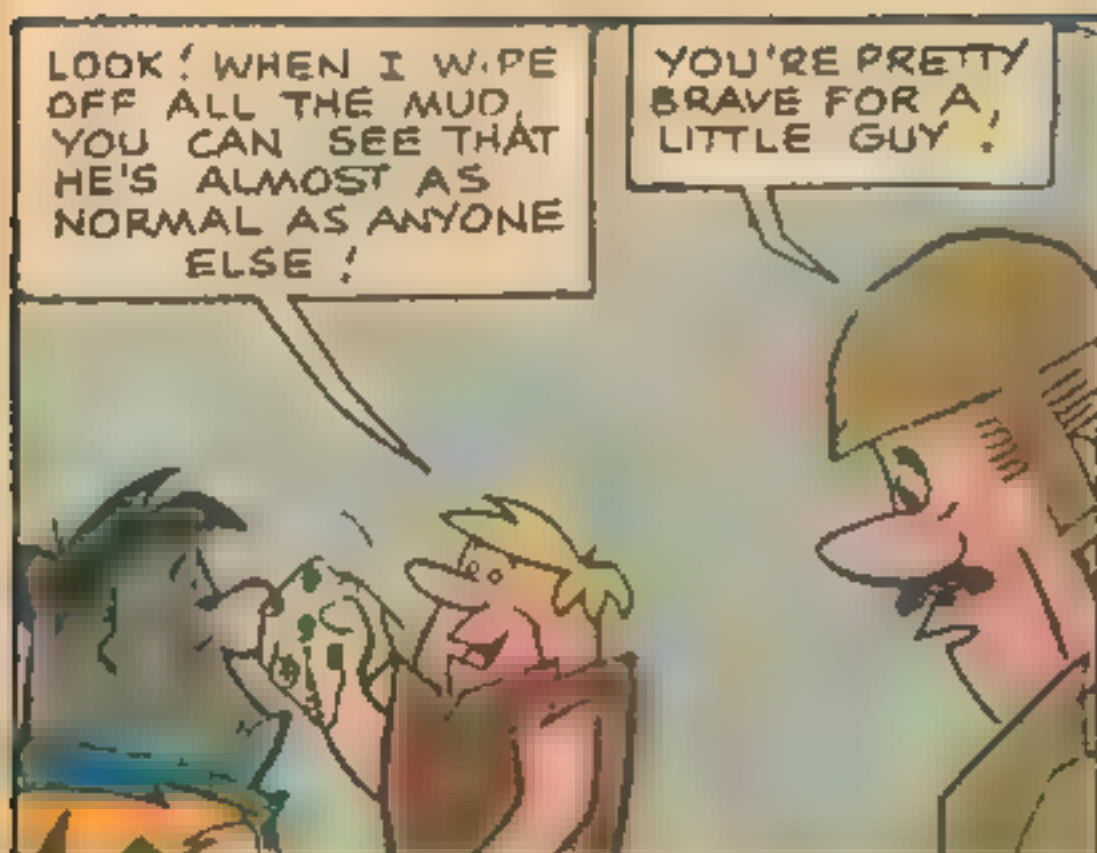


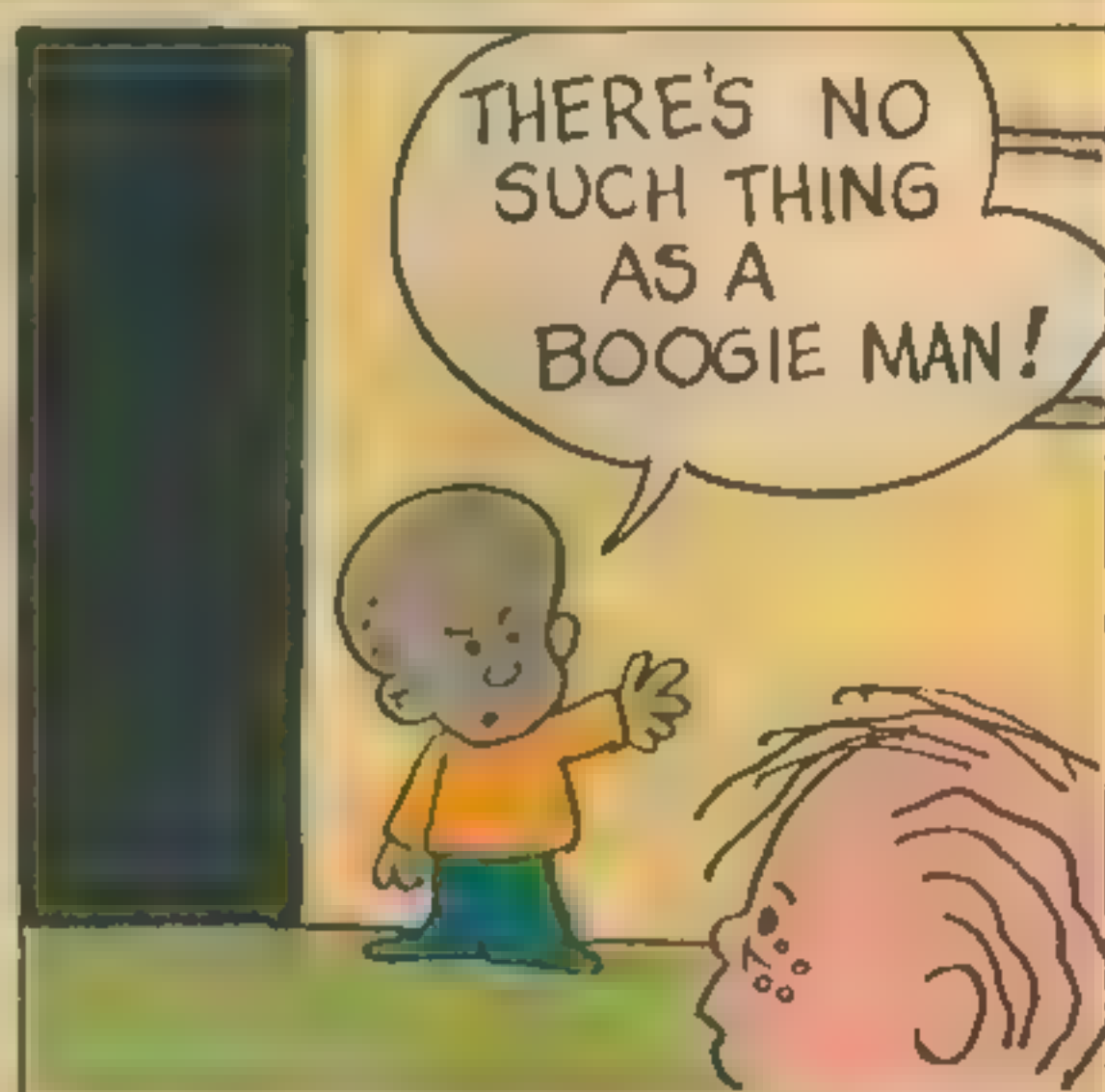
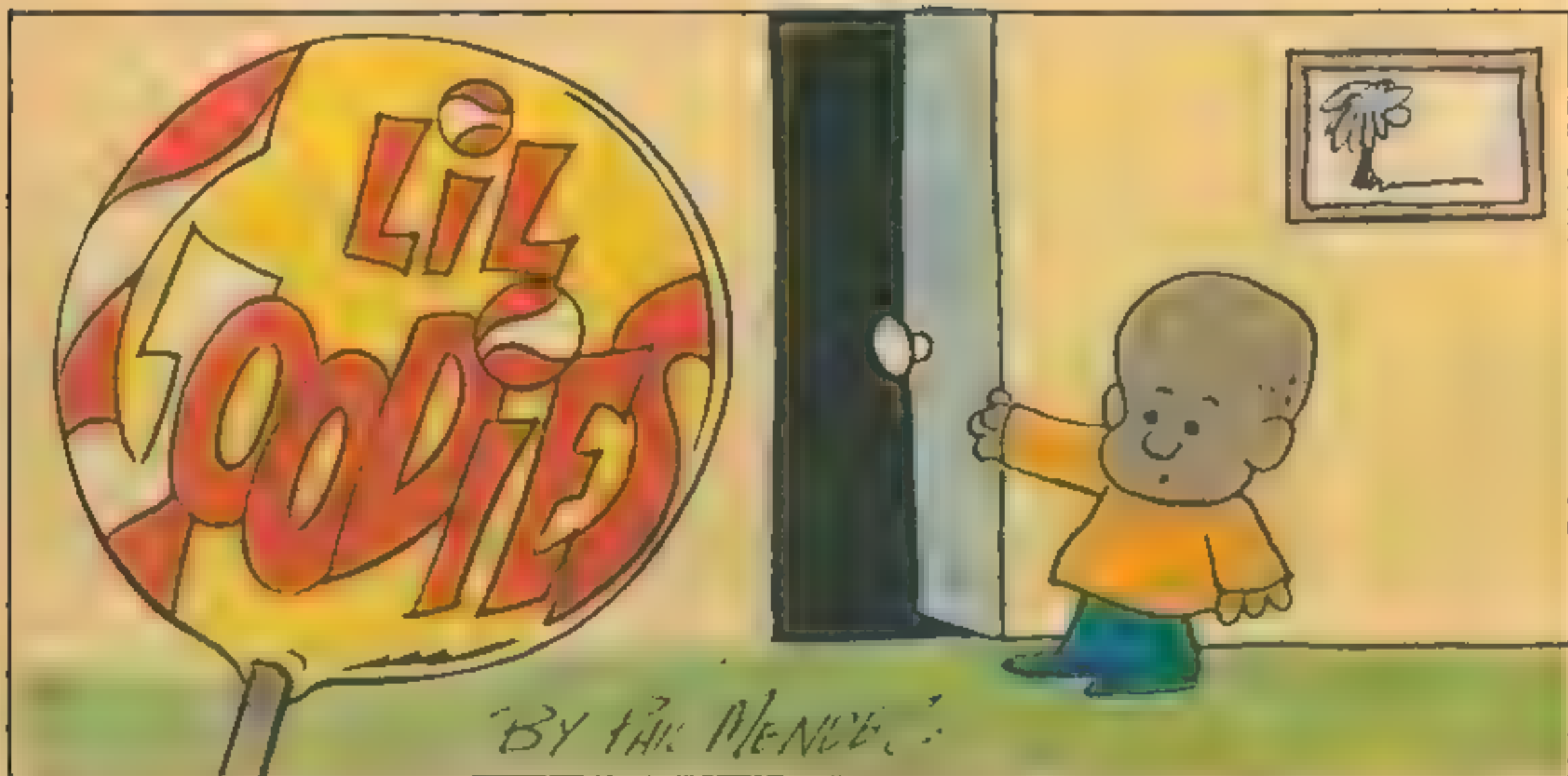
IF HE ESCAPES, I'LL HAVE YOU ALL BEATEN!

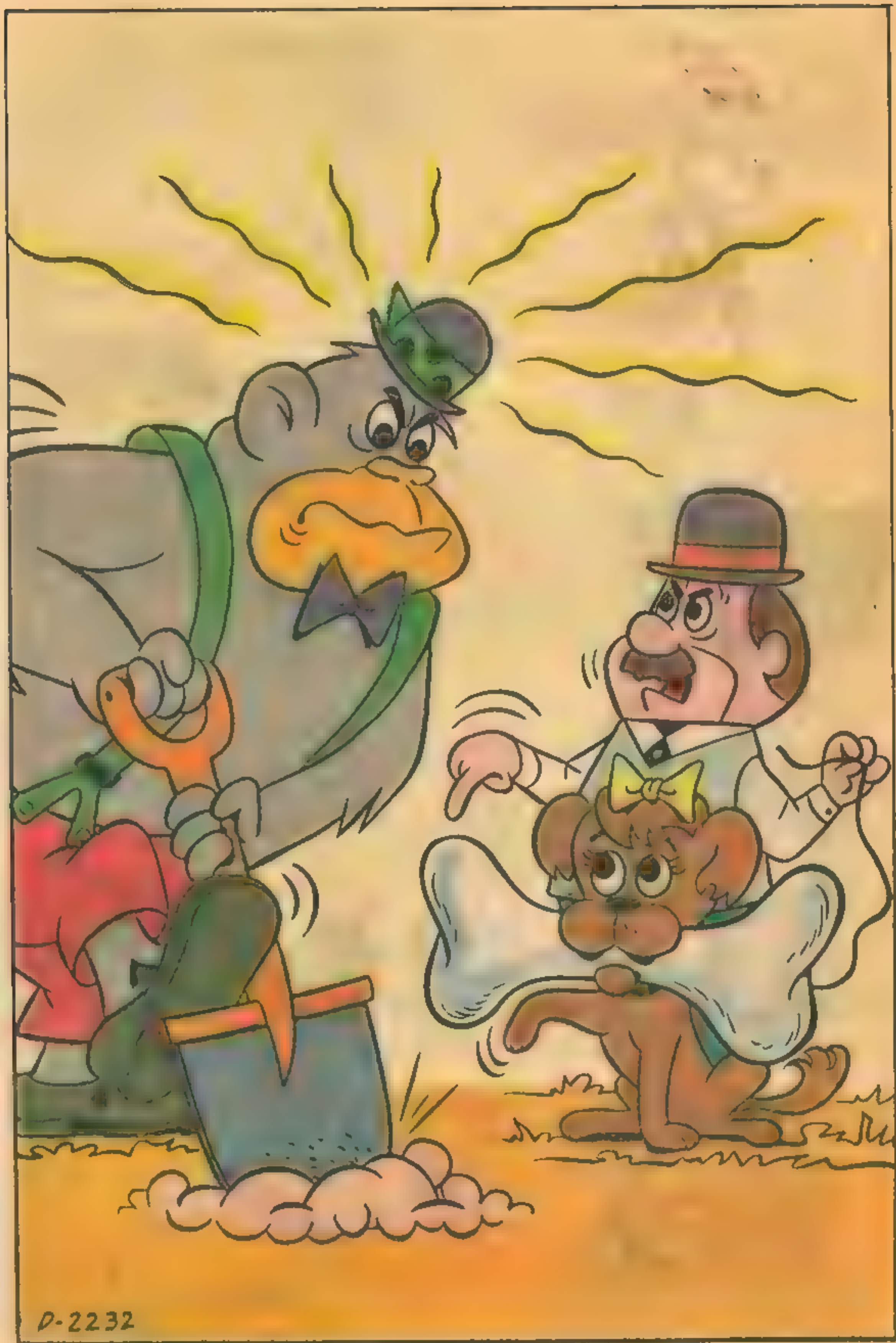
I'M COVERED WITH MUD AND THEY THINK I'M AN INVADER FROM ANOTHER PLANET! WHAT A SPOT I'M IN THIS TIME!







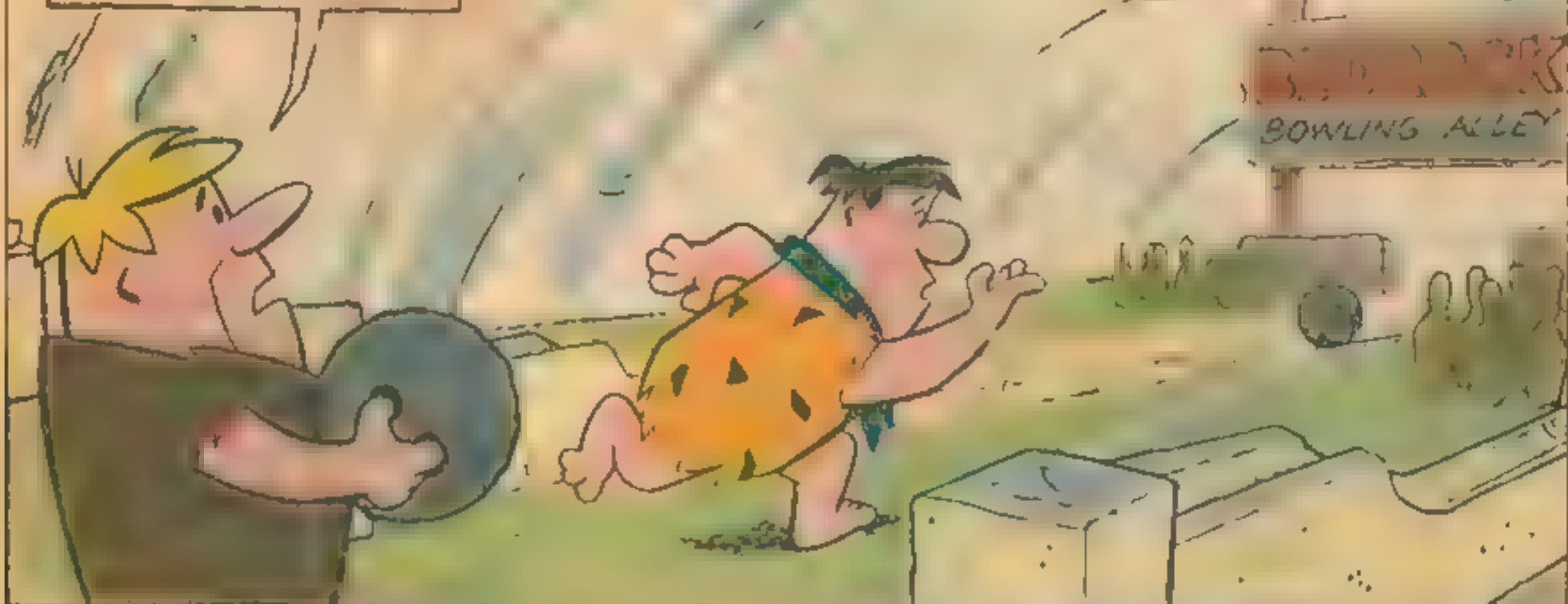




The Hanna-Barbera FLINTSTONES

in CALLING THE GREAT GAZOO

HEY FRED WE'RE
BOWLIN' IN *THIS*
ALLEY, NOT THE
ONE OVER THERE!



DON'T BUG ME, SHORTY! I
CAN'T DO NOTH'N' RIGHT
LATELY!



D-1650

IT'S NO USE
BARNEY! LET'S
GO HOME!

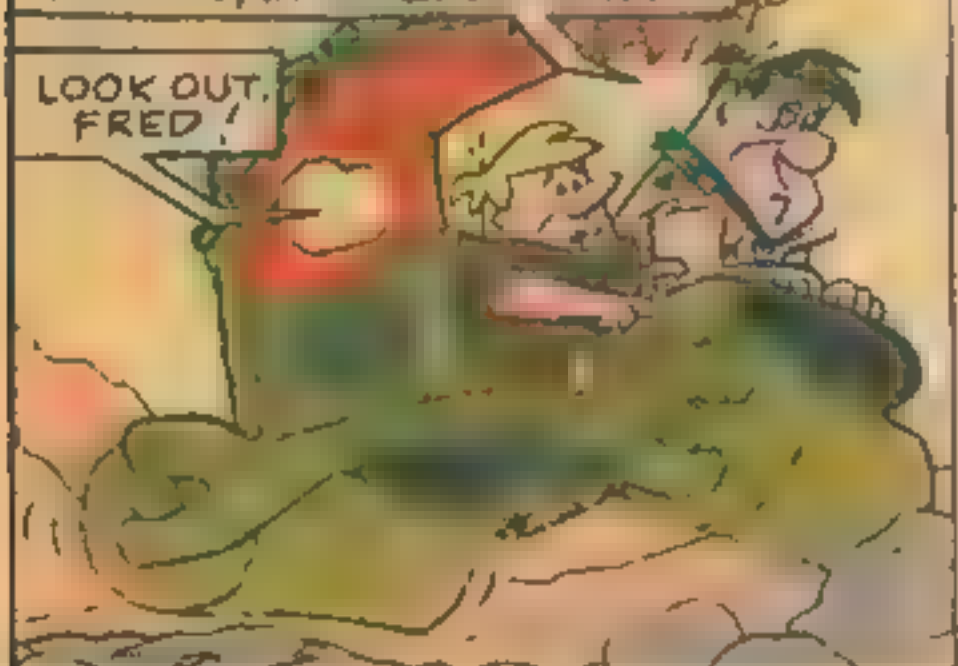


WE'D BETTER, FRED! THE
LAST FRAME YOU BOWLED,
YOU THREW IT BACKWARD
AND HIT THE OWNER
OF THE PLACE!



TOMORROW WON'T BE ANY
BETTER, BARNEY! *(SIGH)*

LOOK OUT,
FRED!

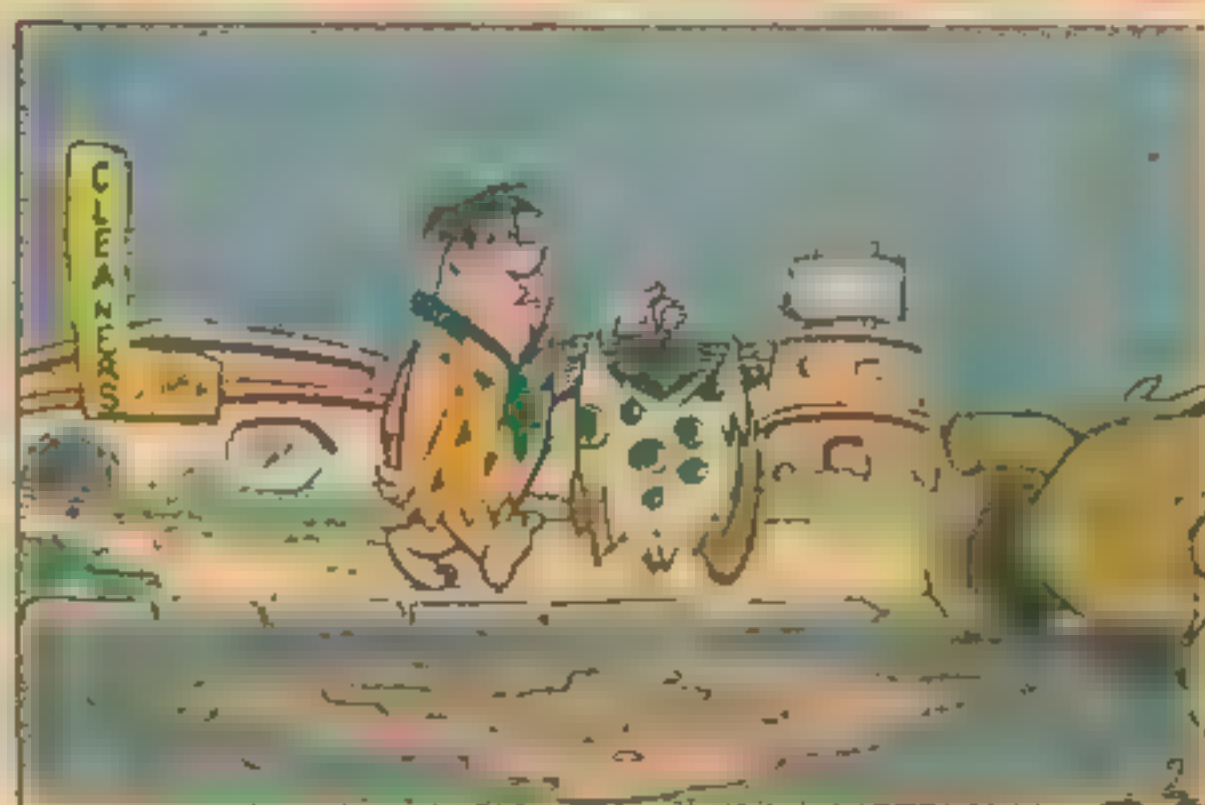
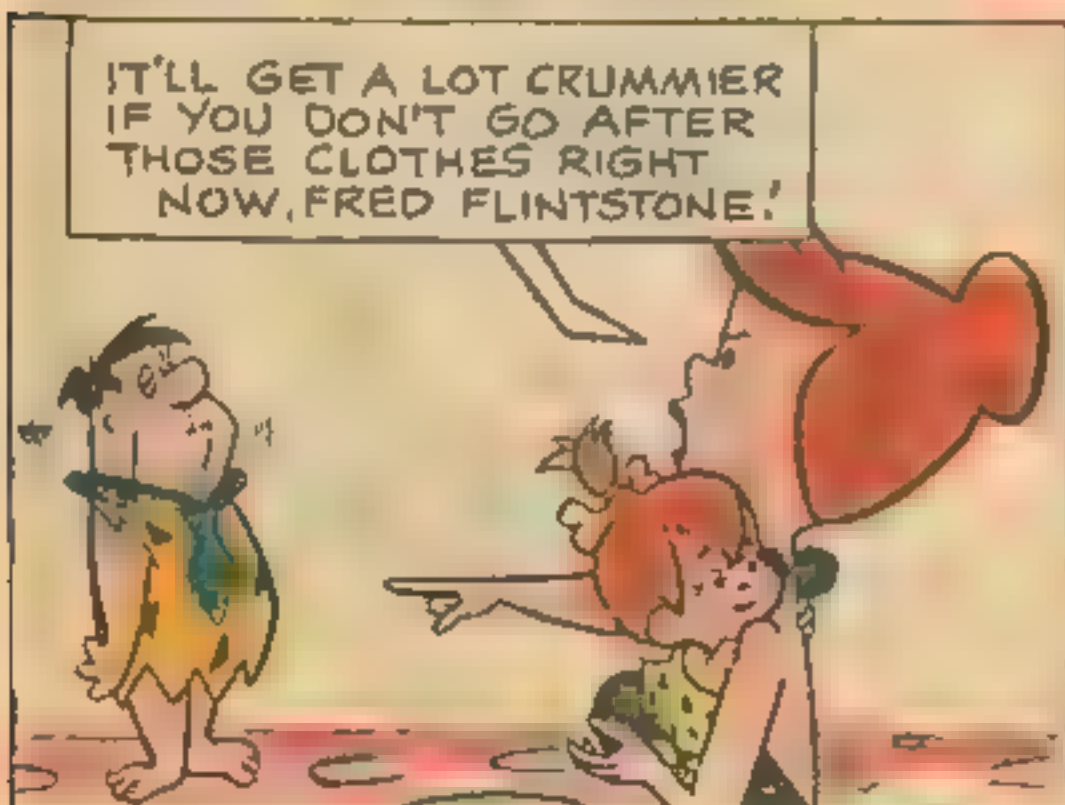
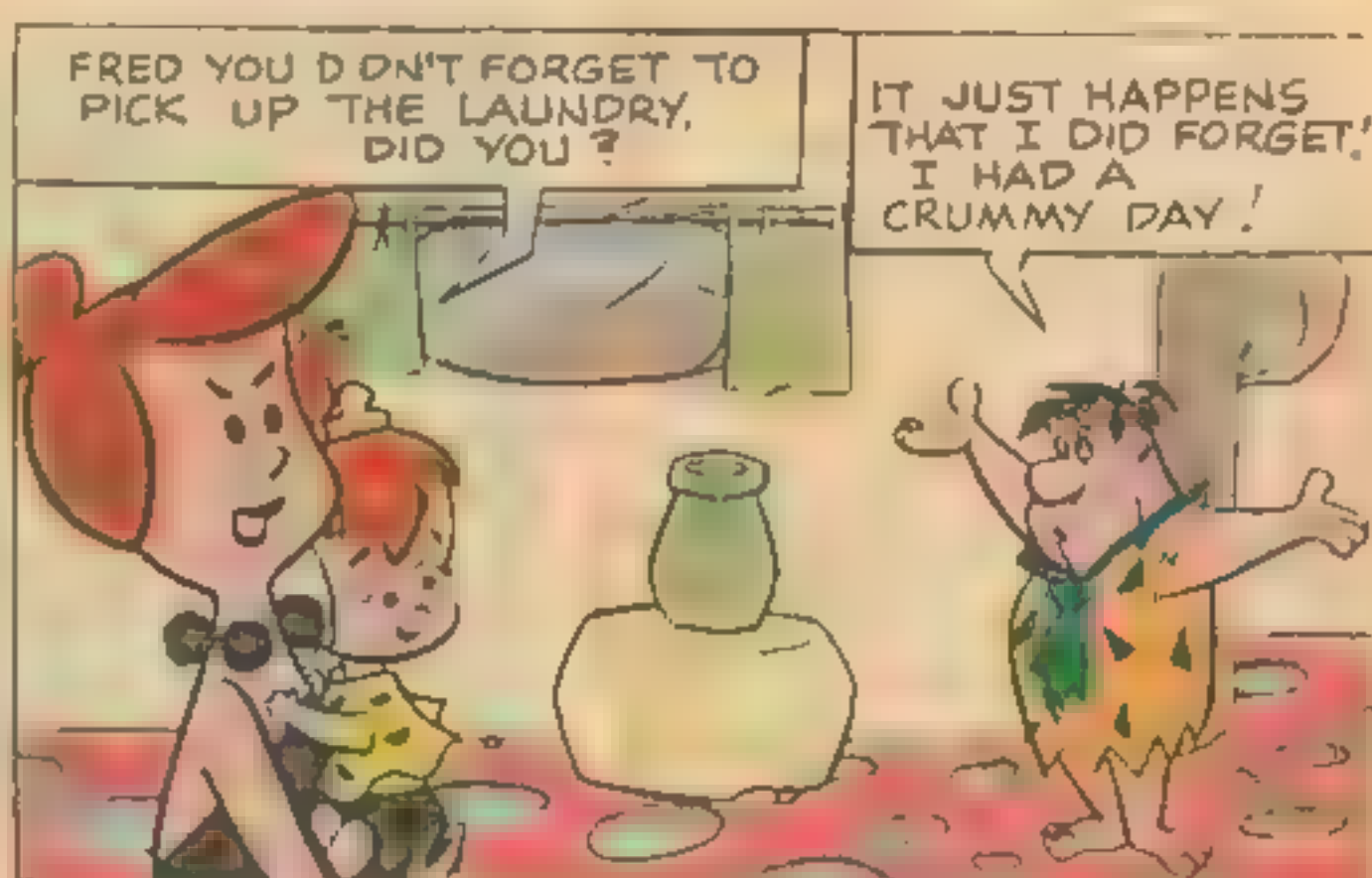
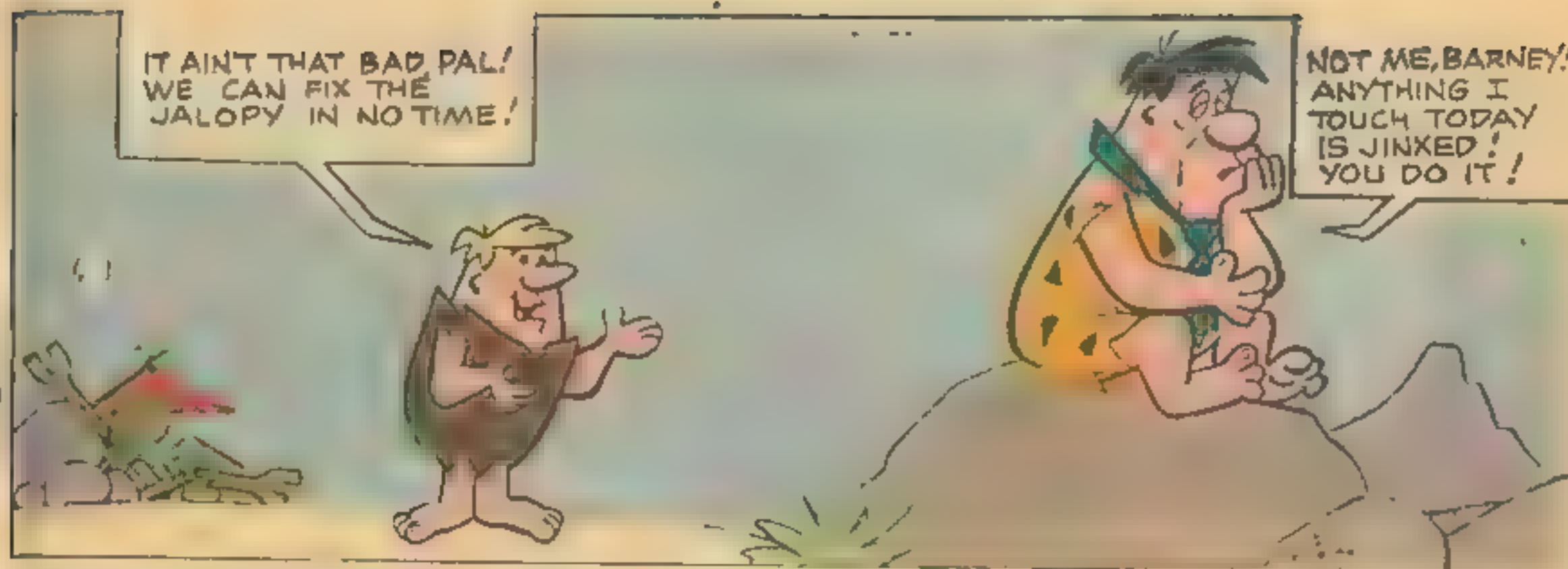


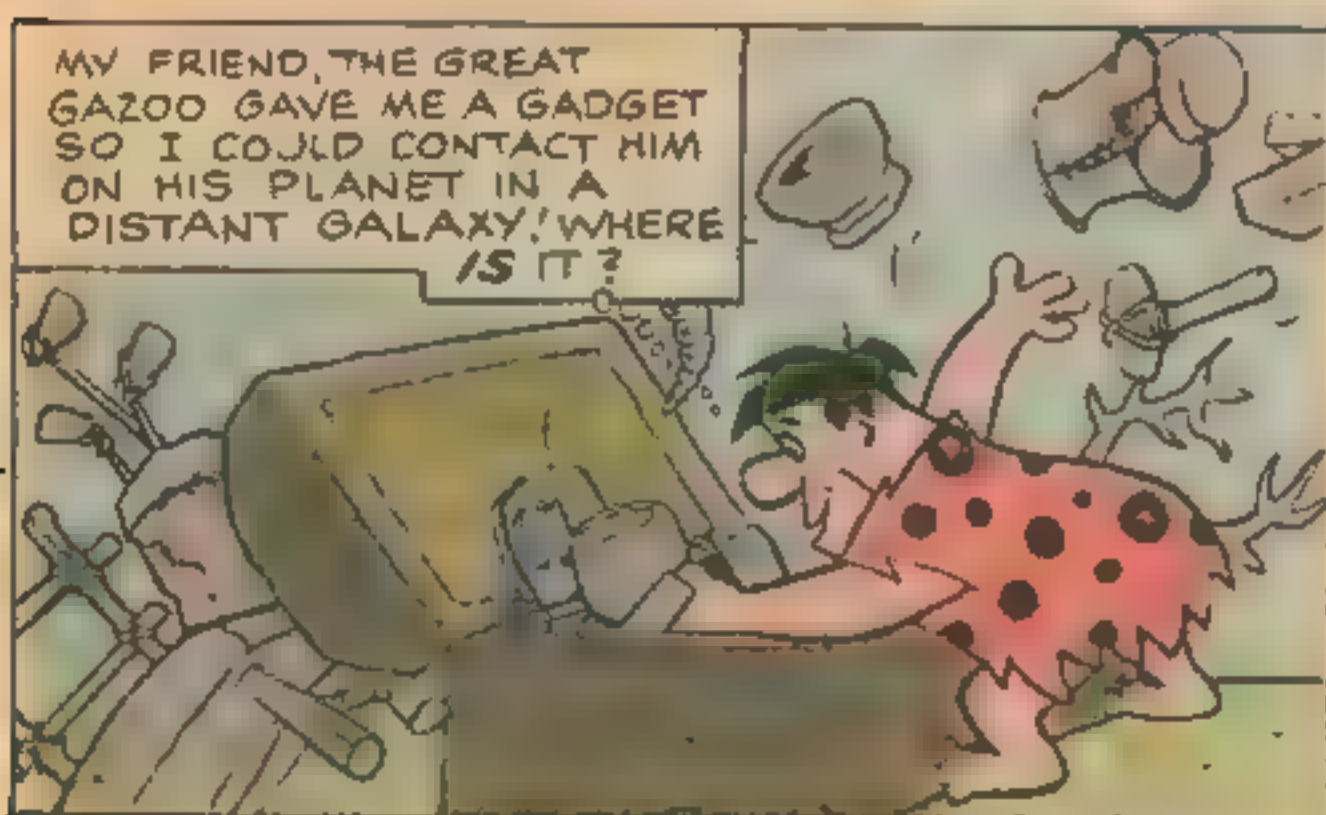
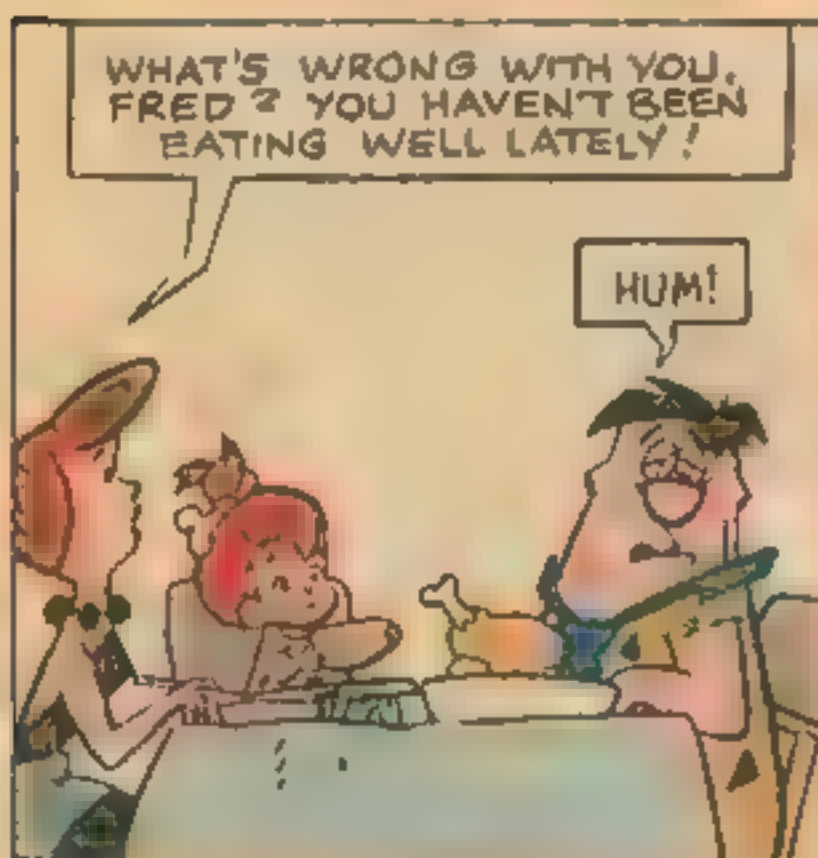
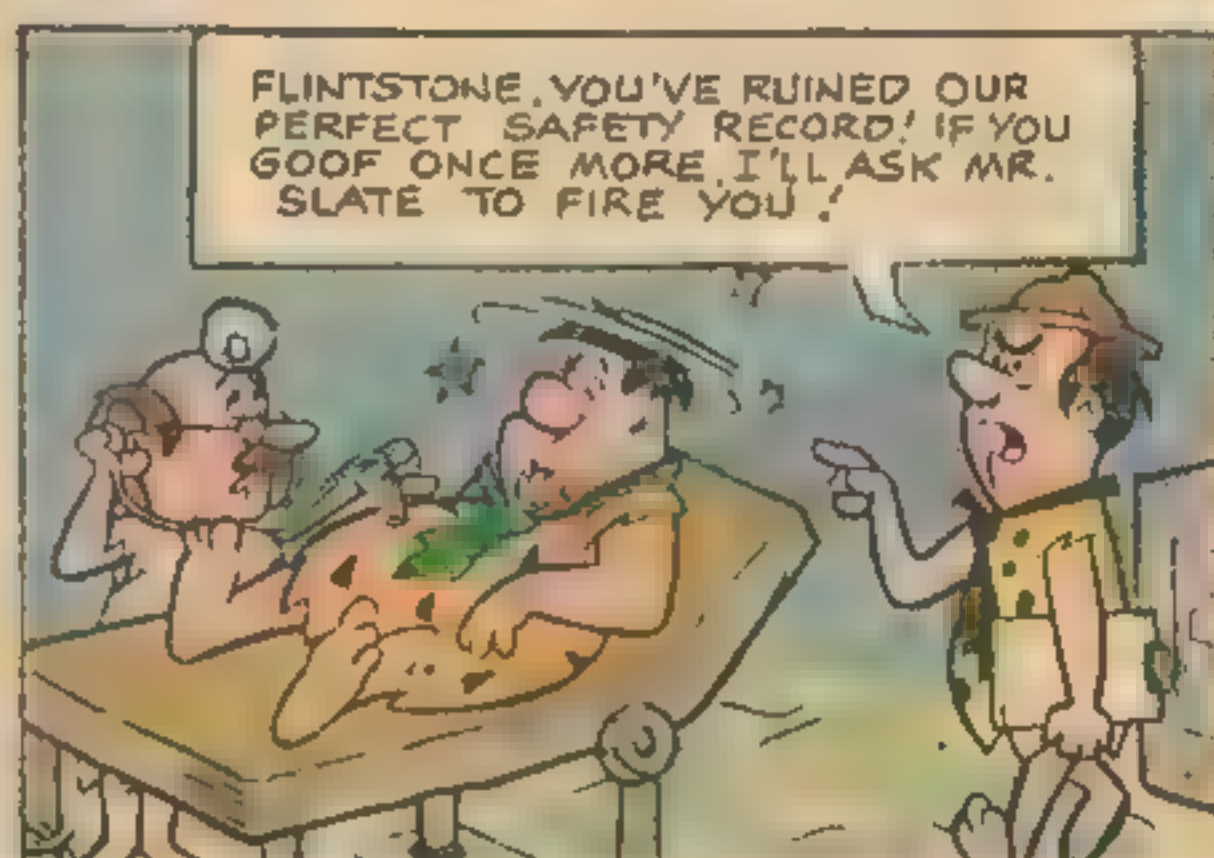
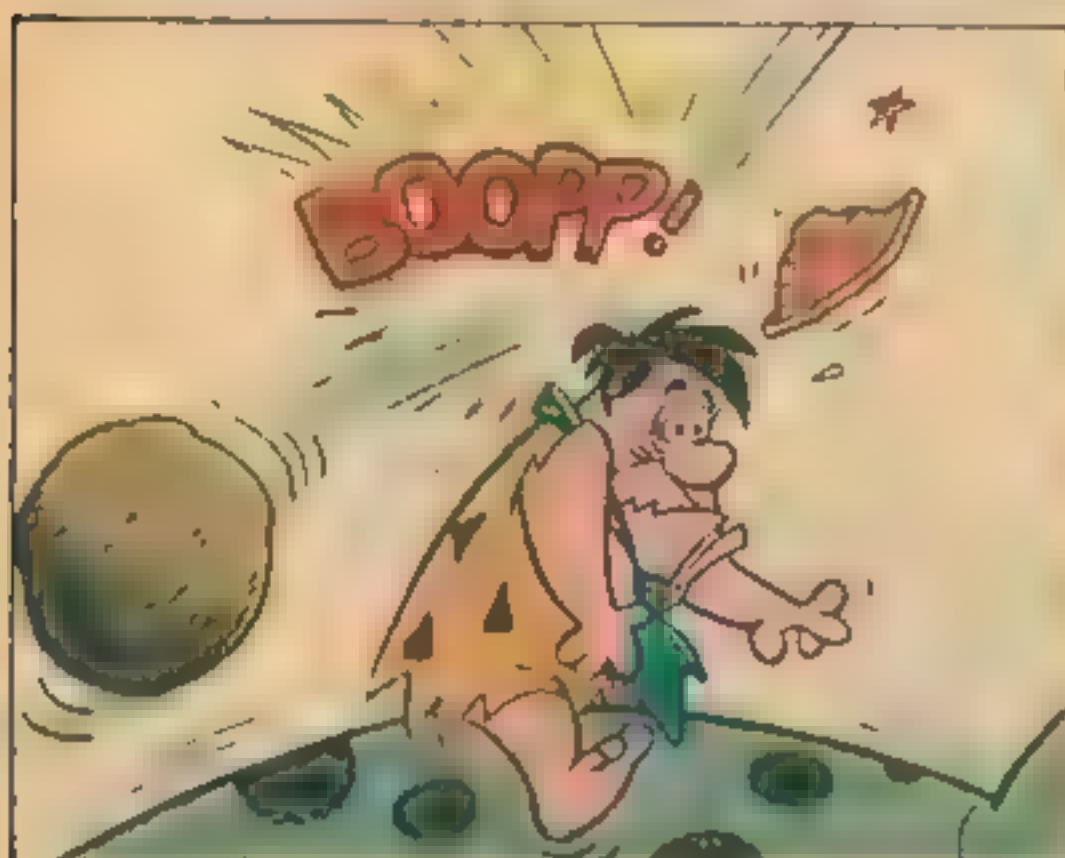
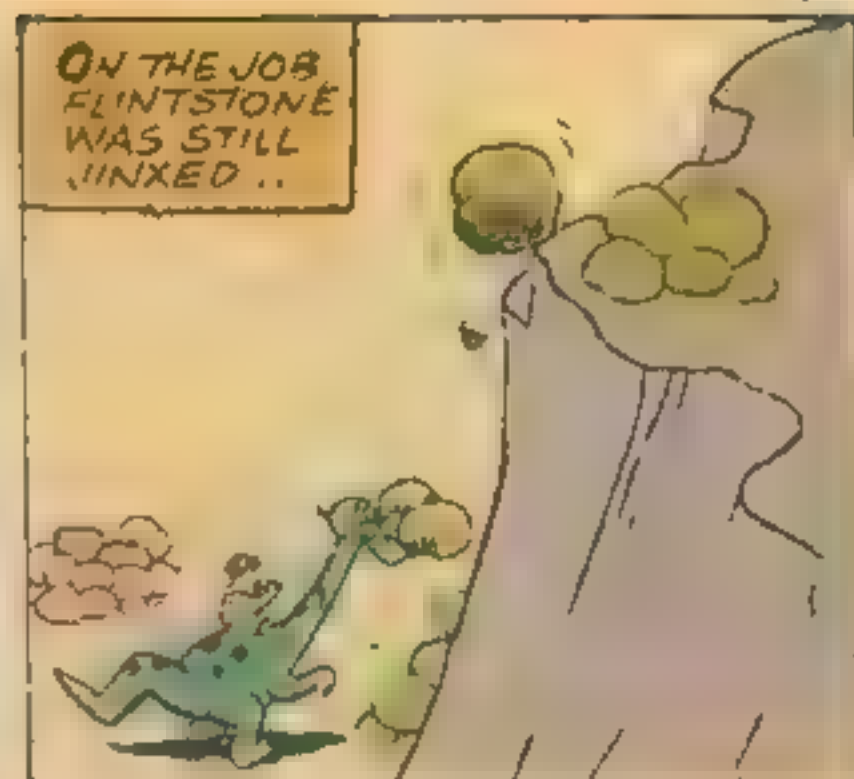
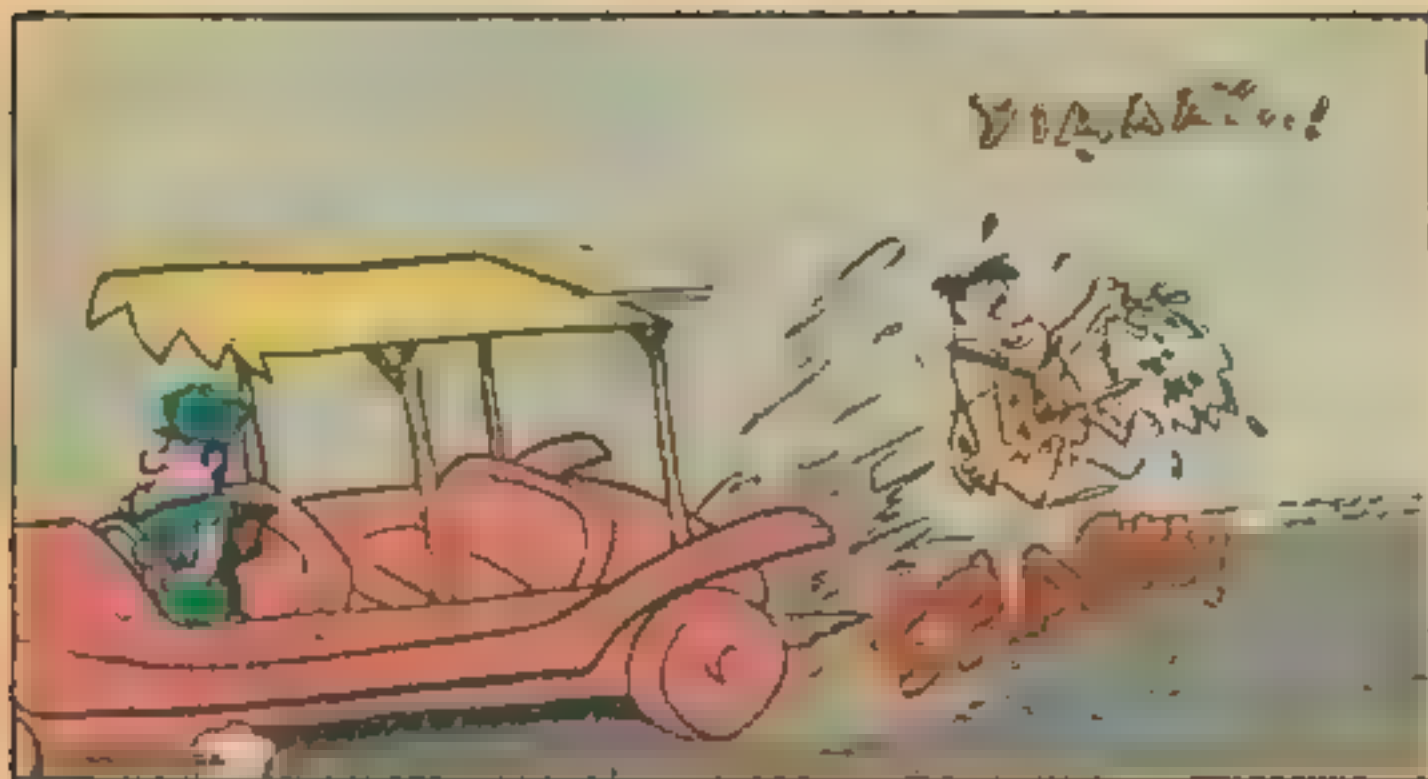
THUD!

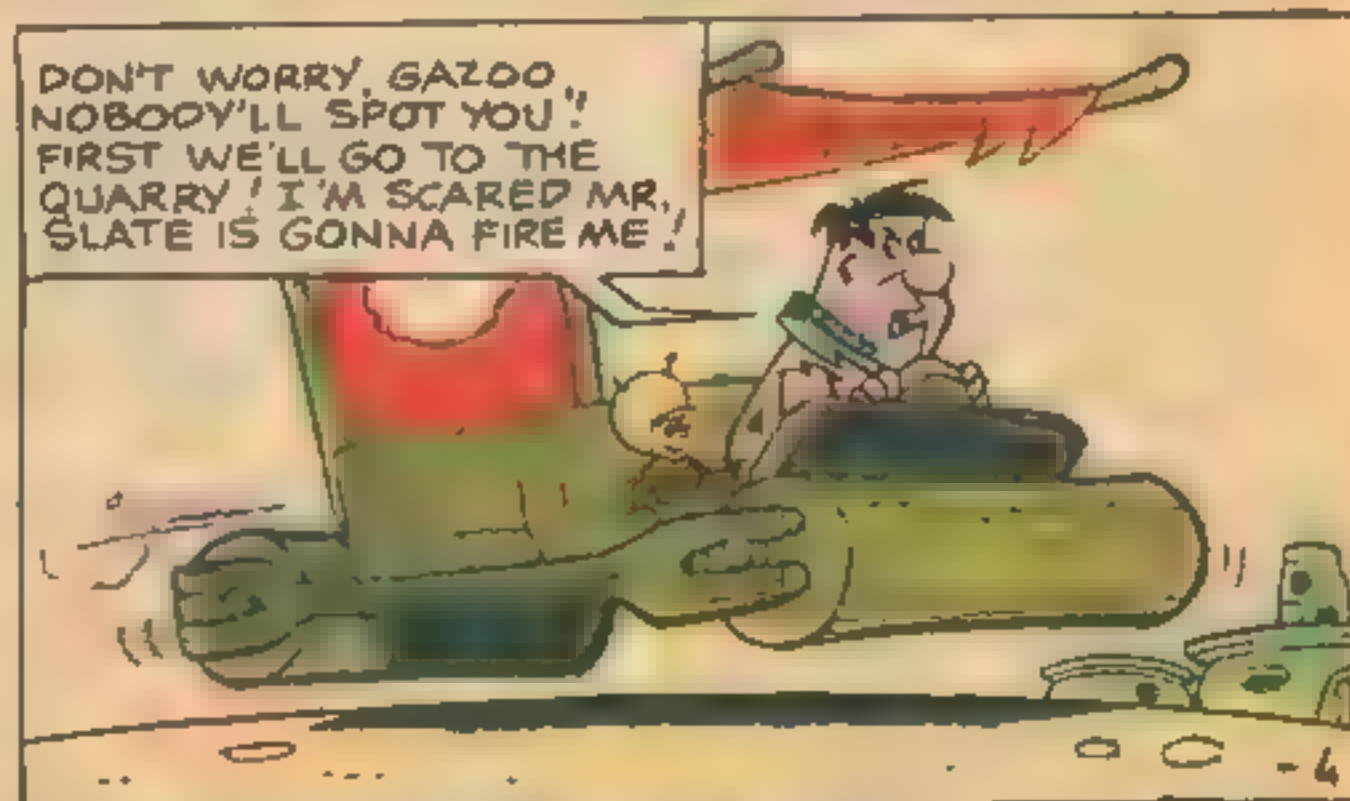
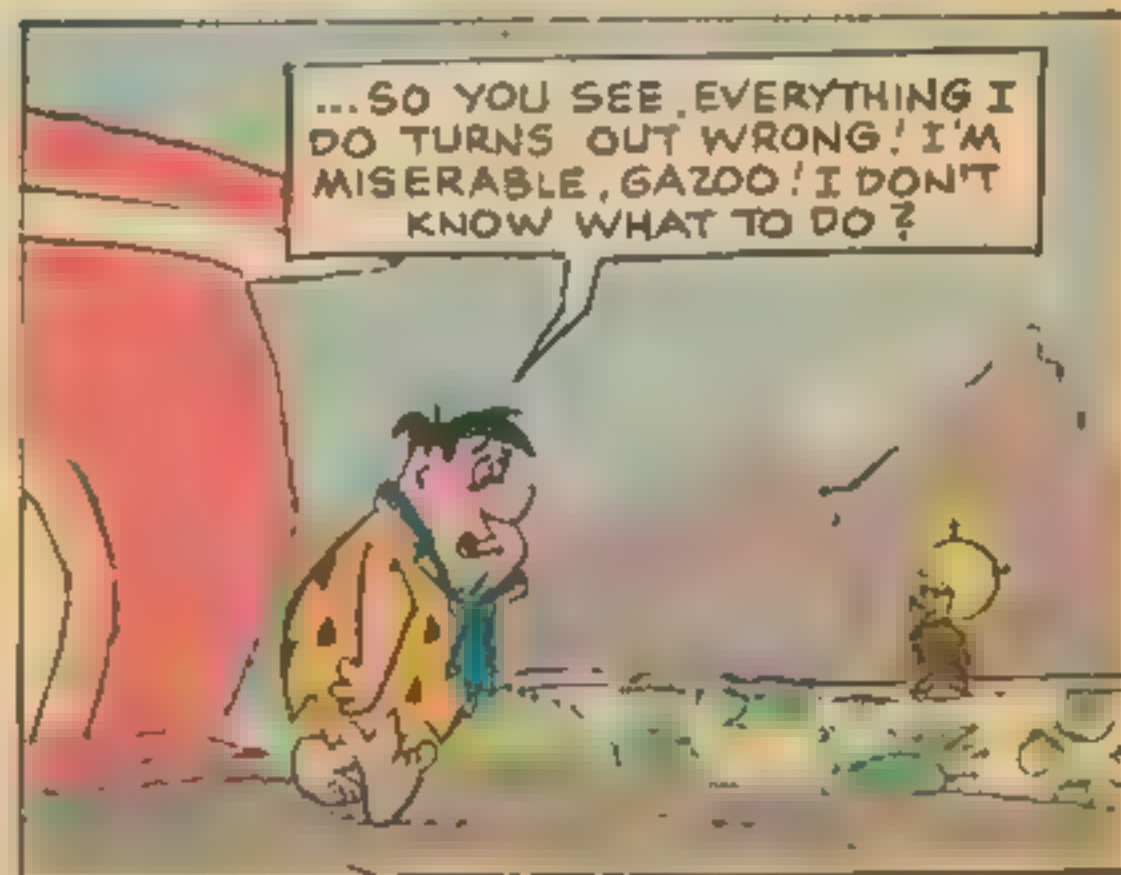
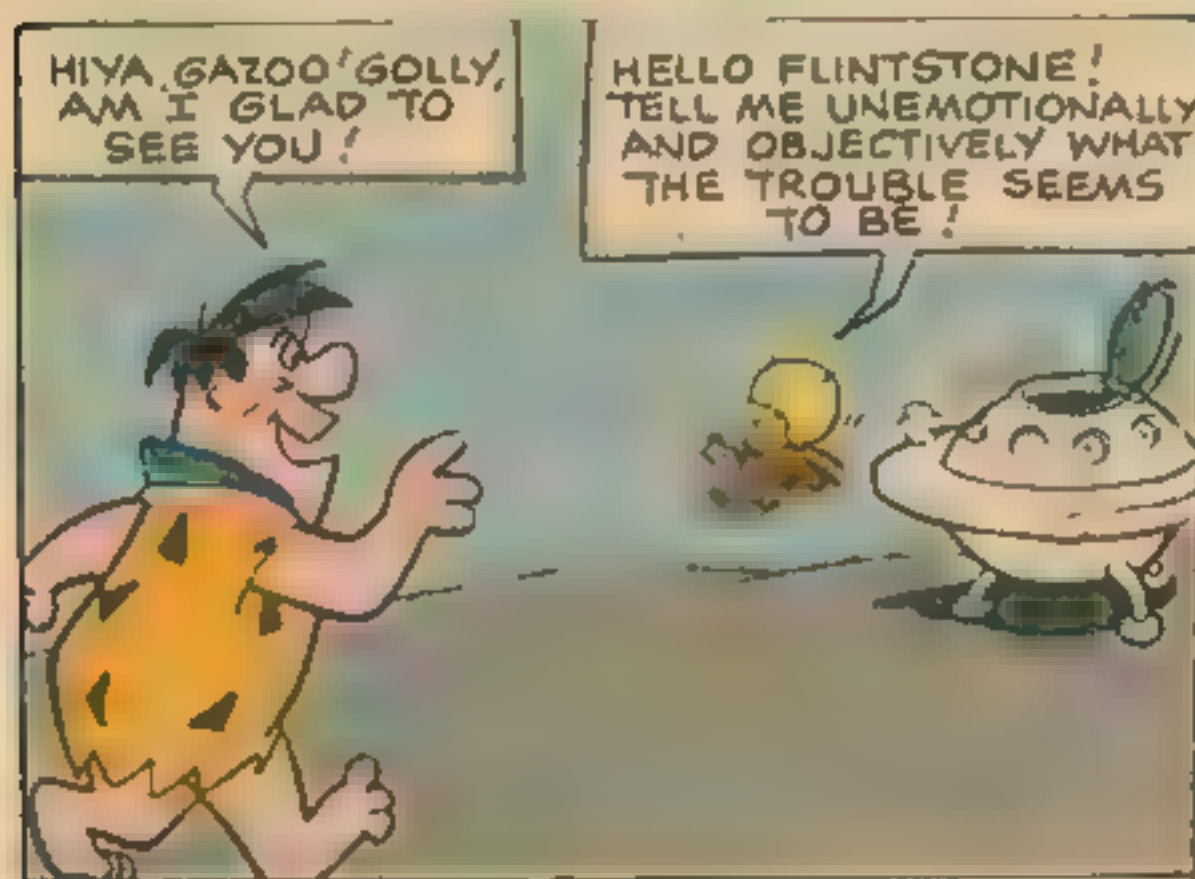
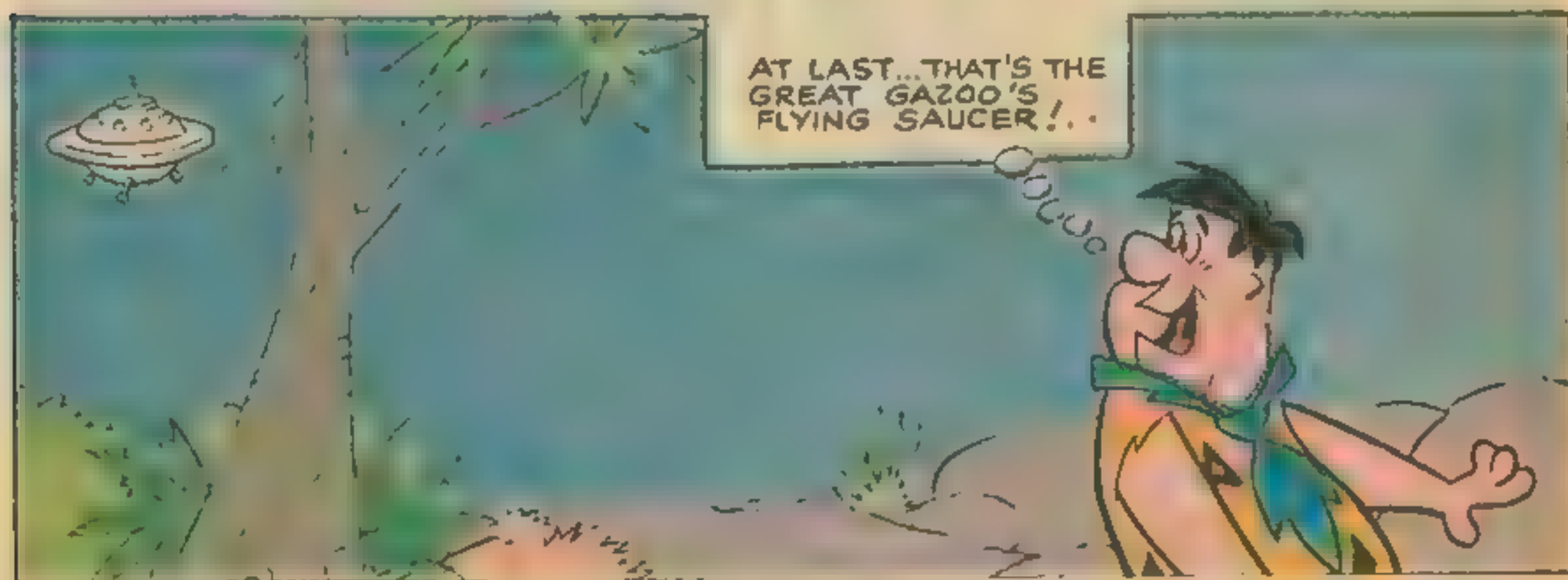
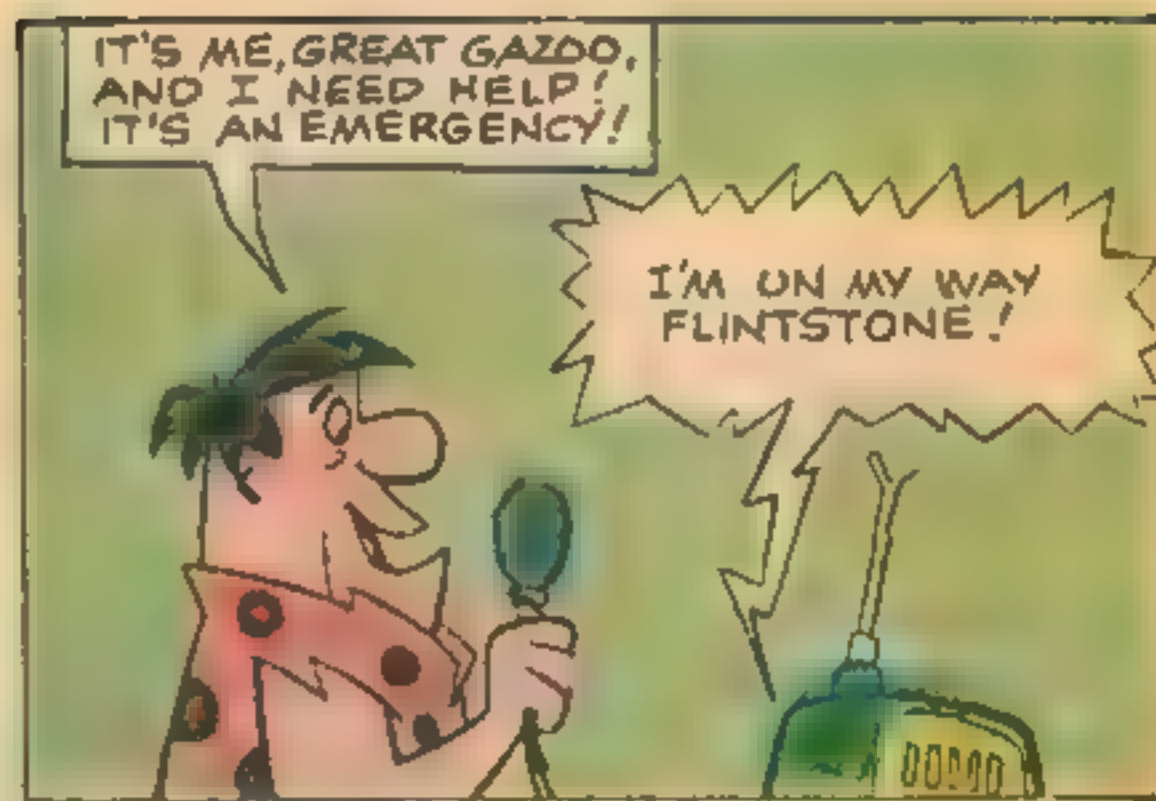
I TRIED
TO WARN
YOU ABOUT
THAT ROCK!

IF I DIDN'T HIT THAT
ID HIT SOMETHIN'
ELSE BARNEY! I'M
A DOOMED MAN!

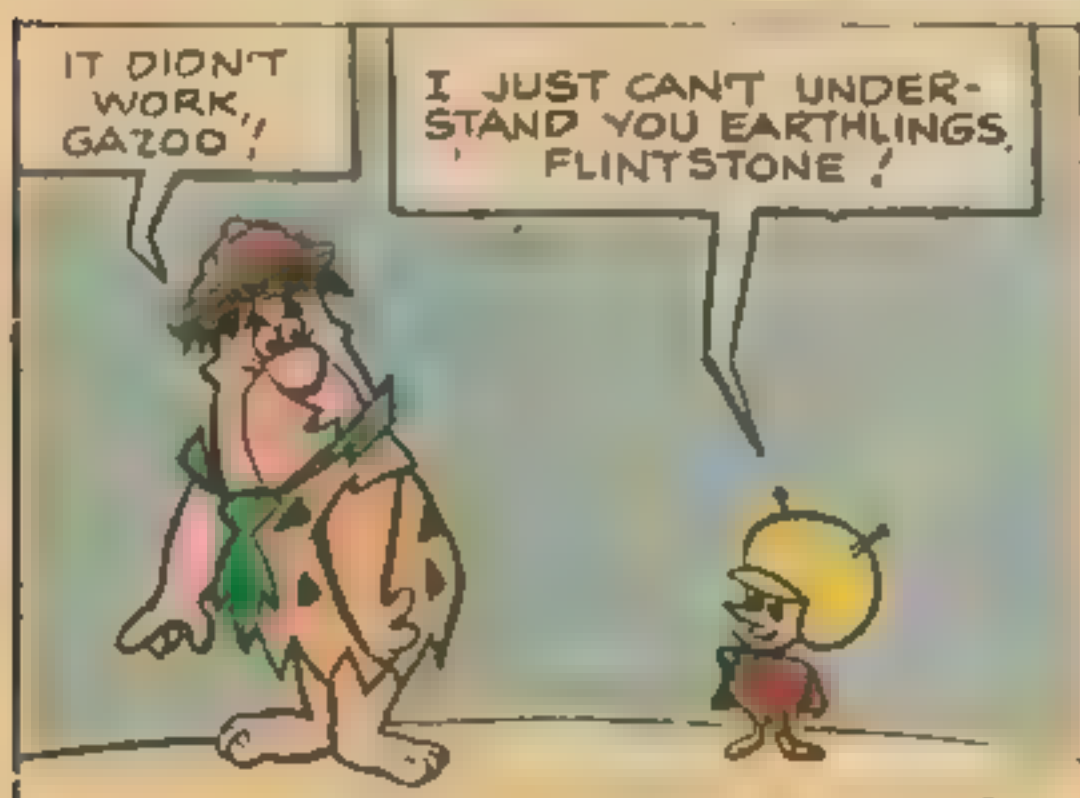
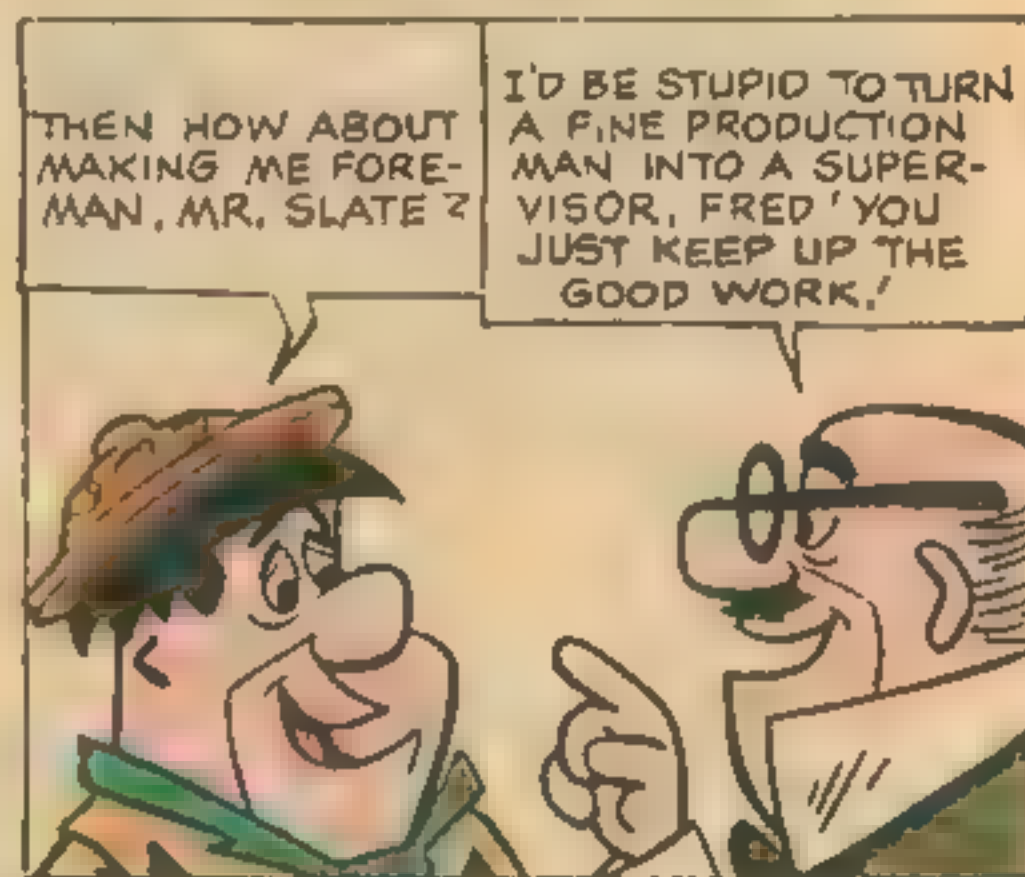
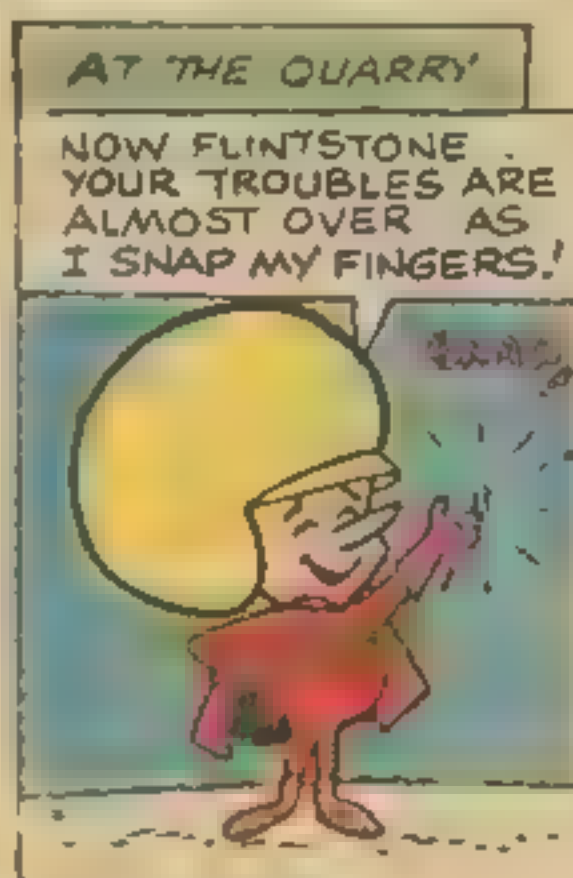
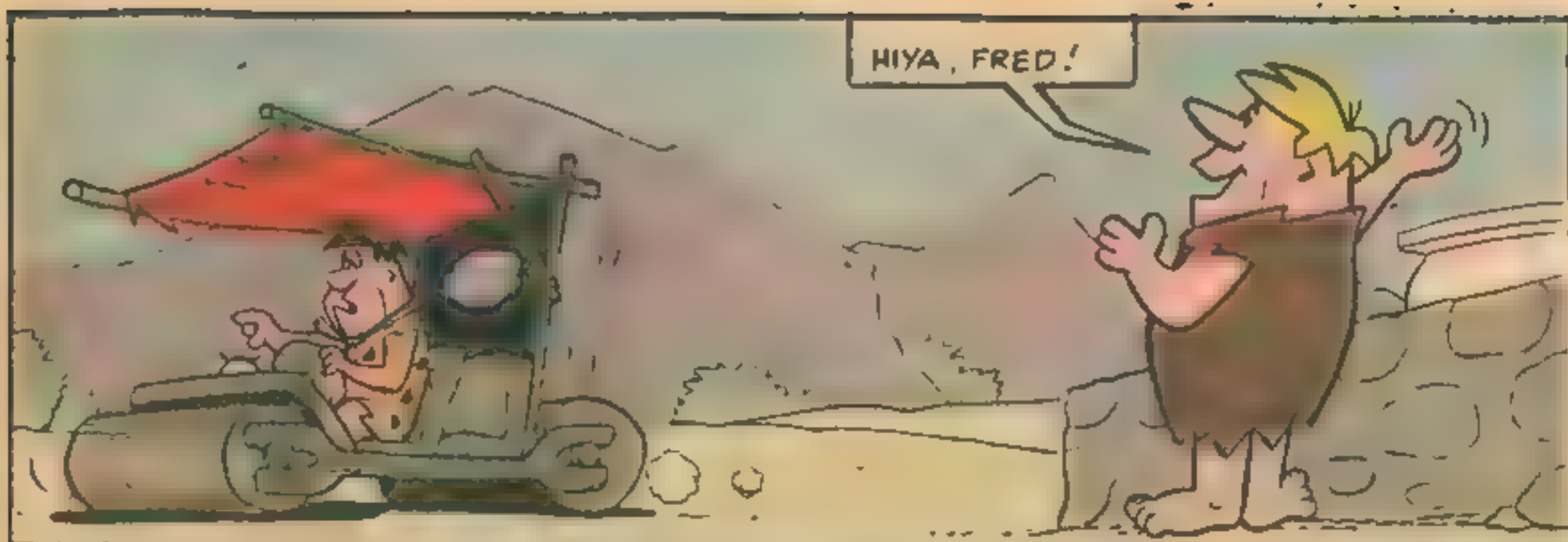


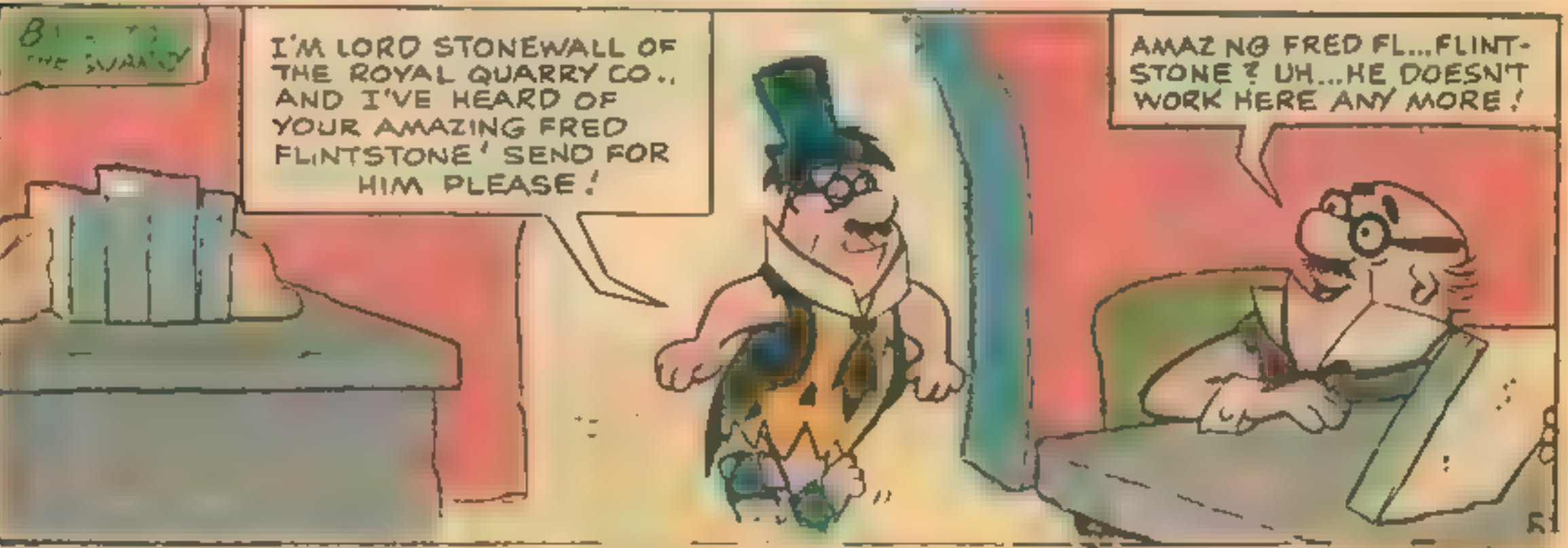
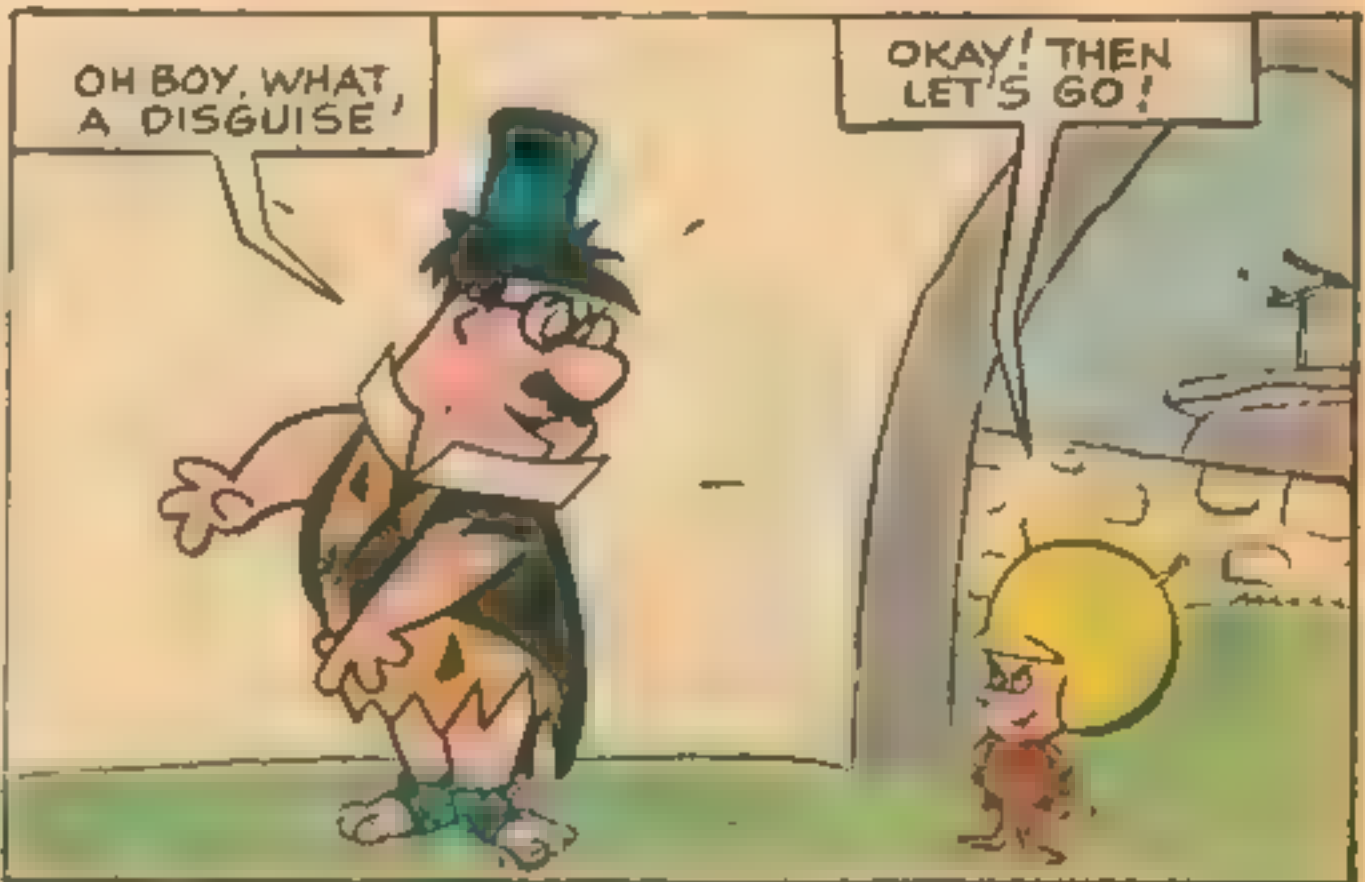
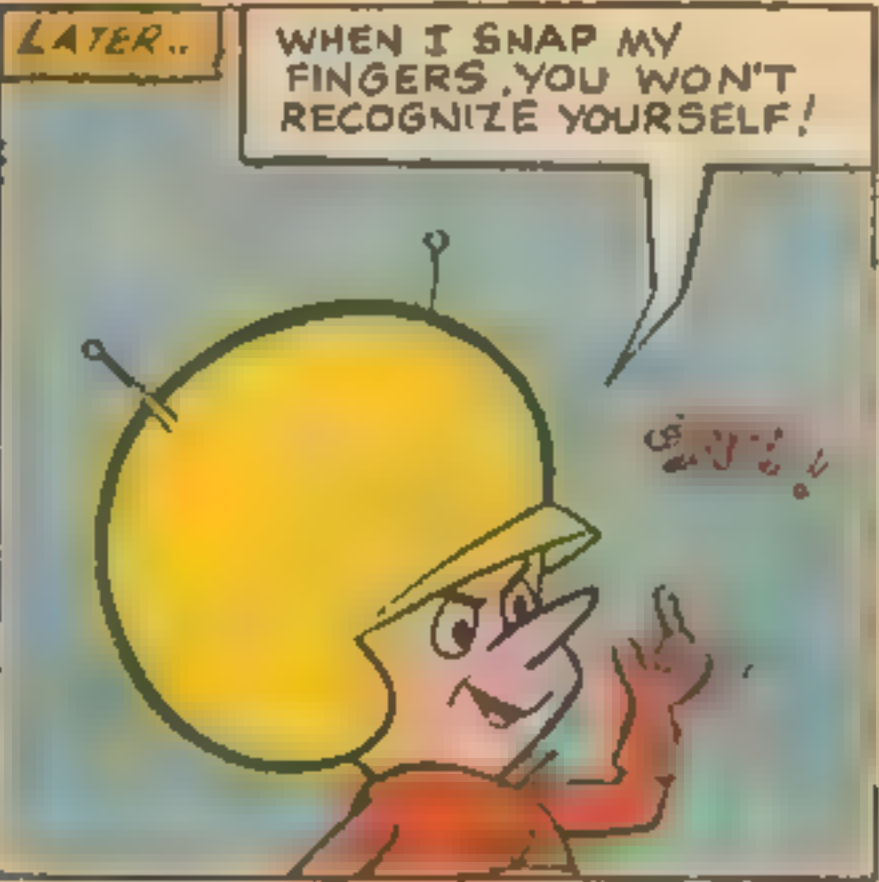
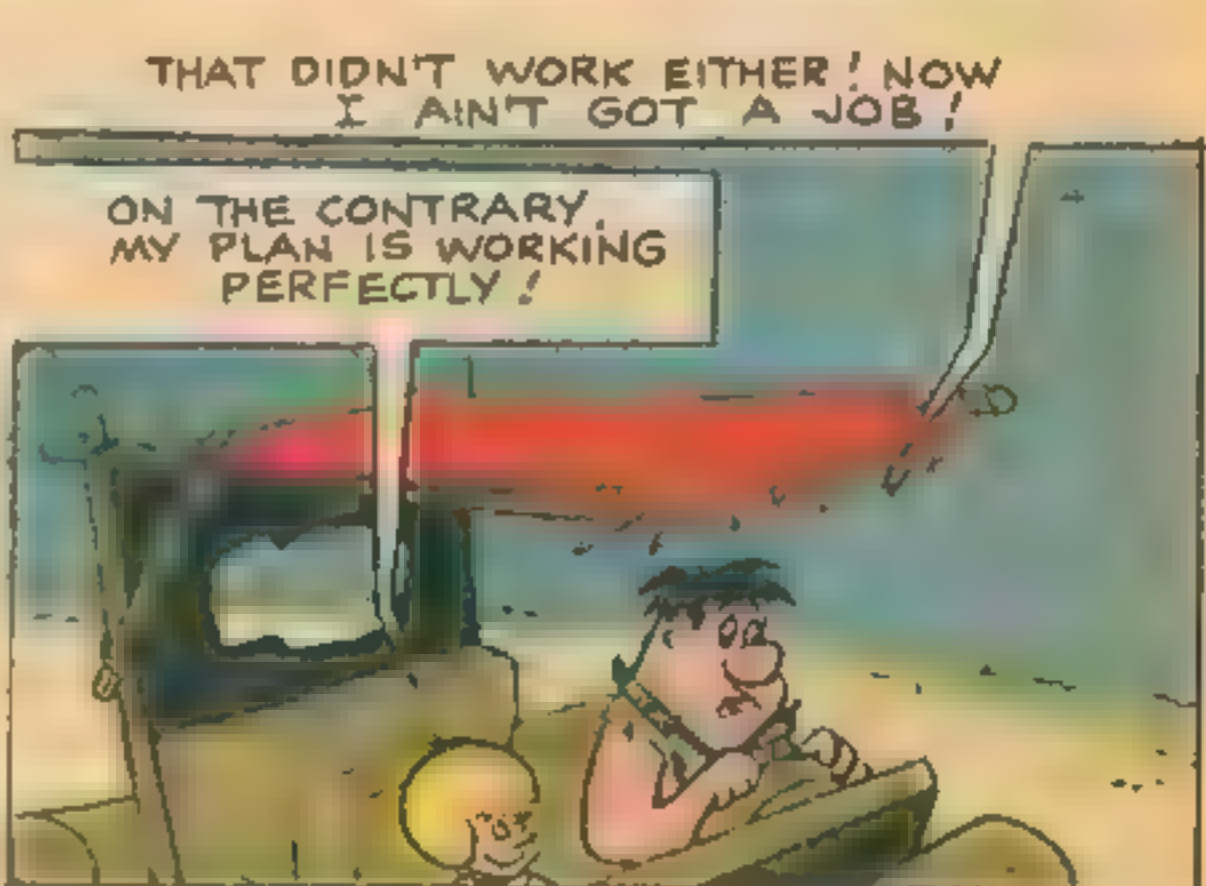
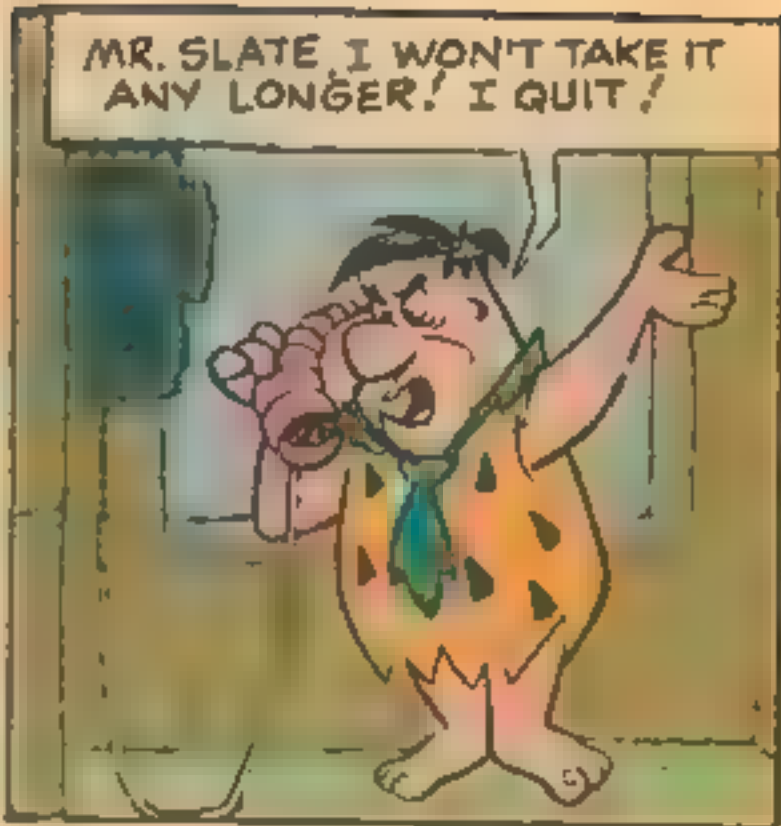
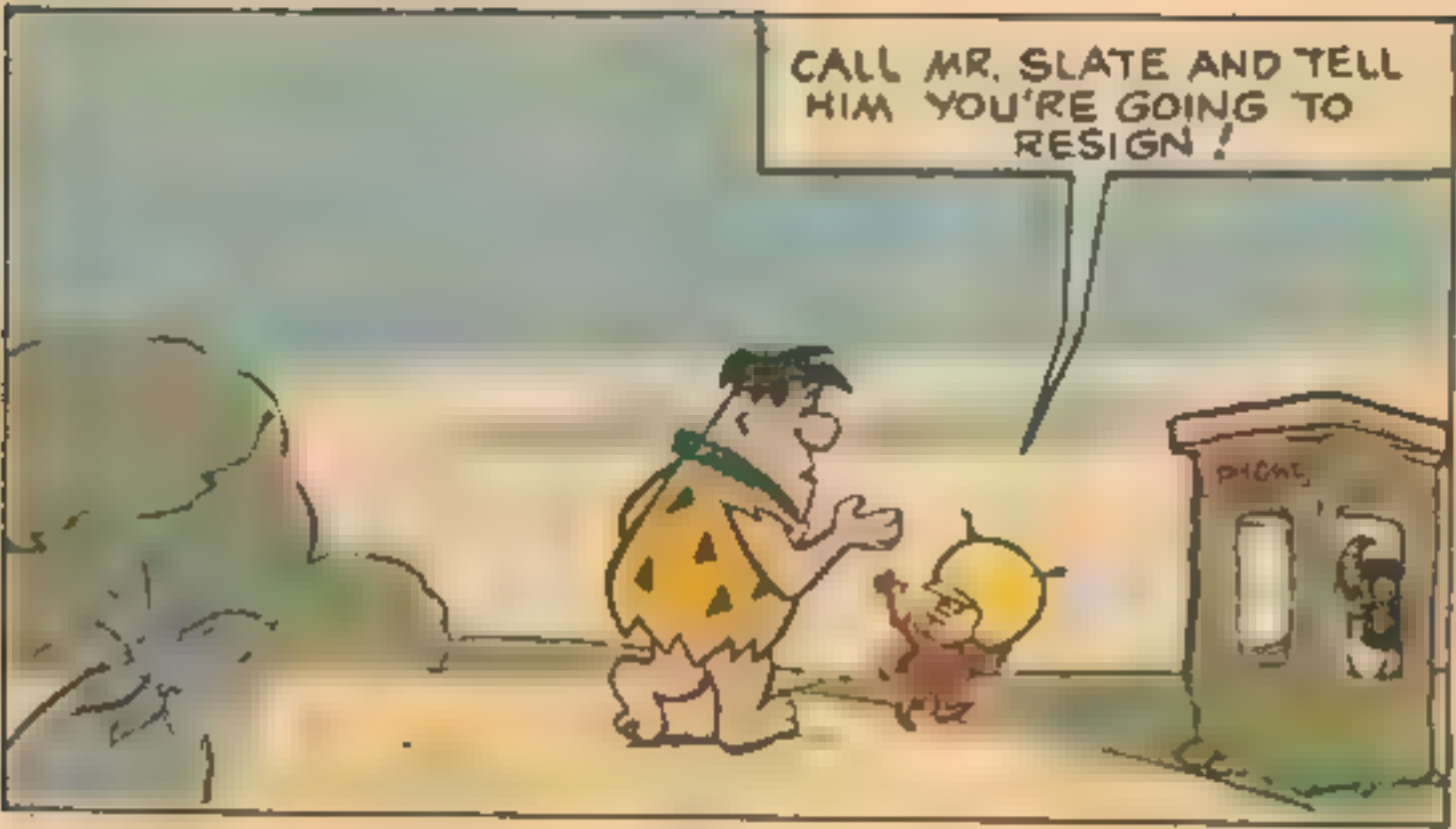


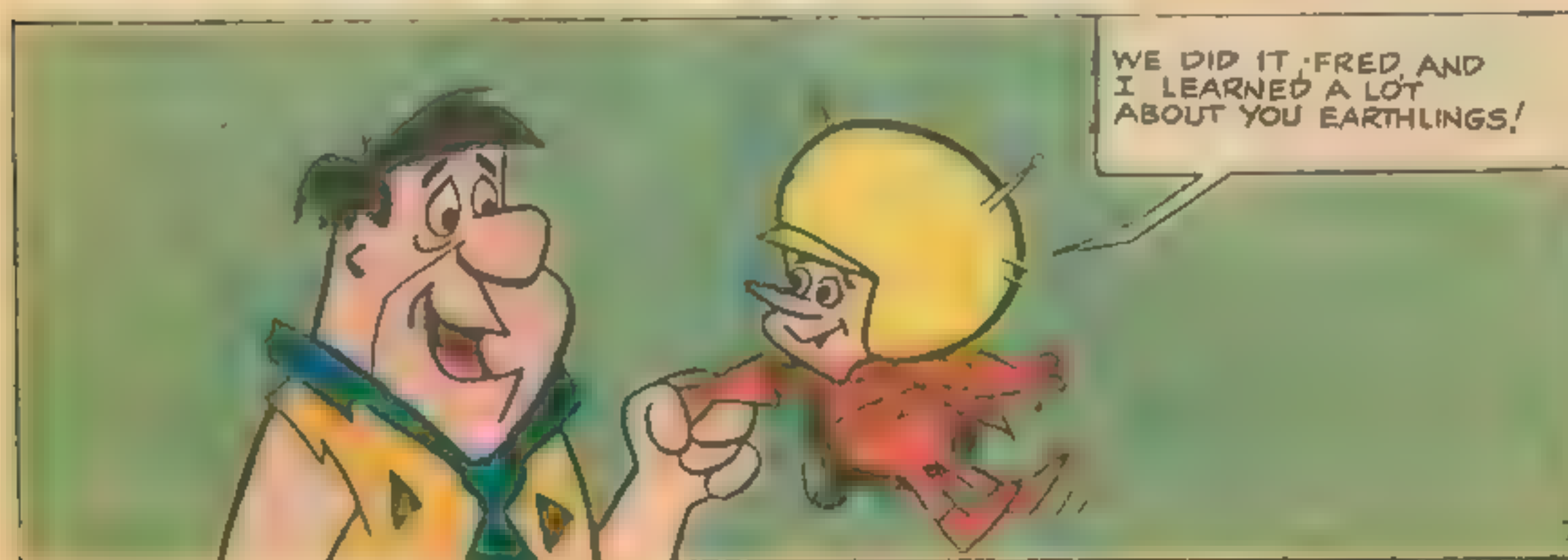
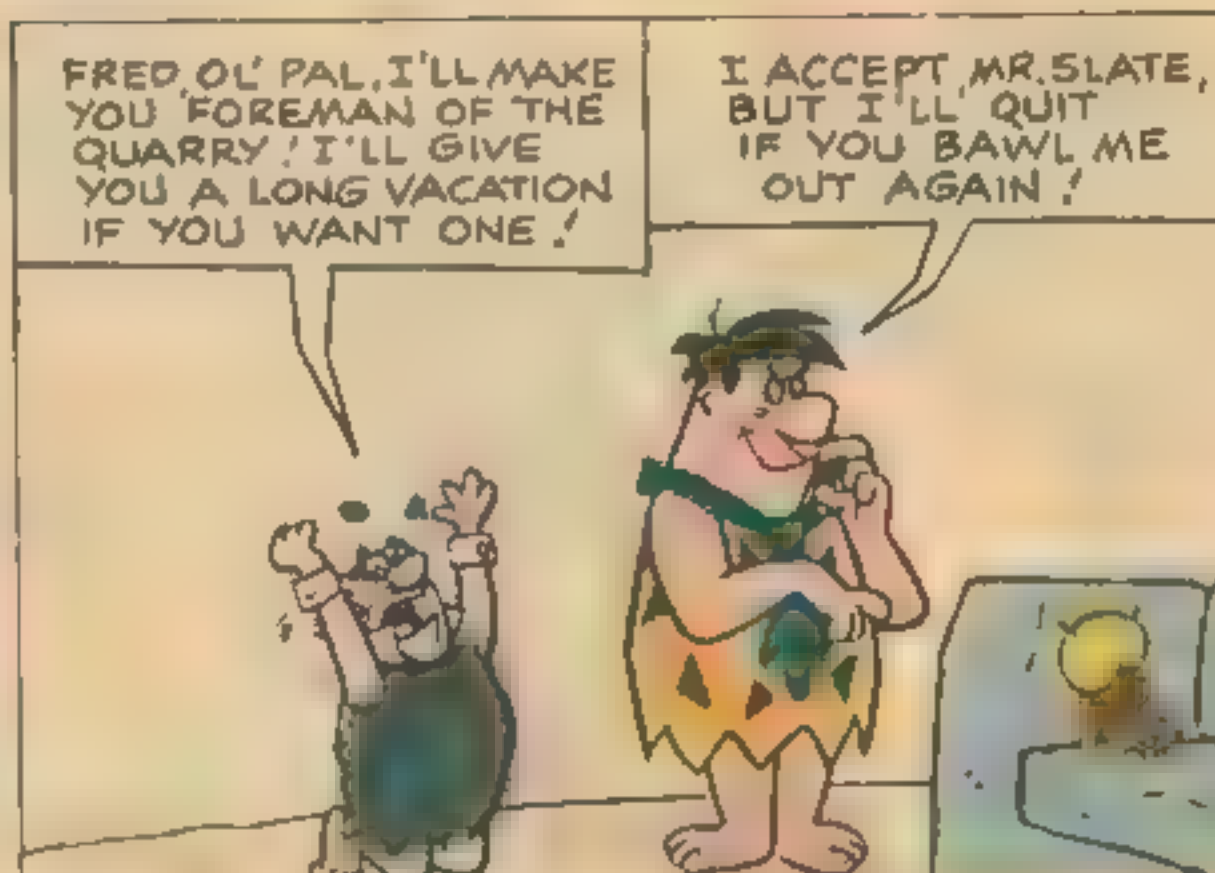
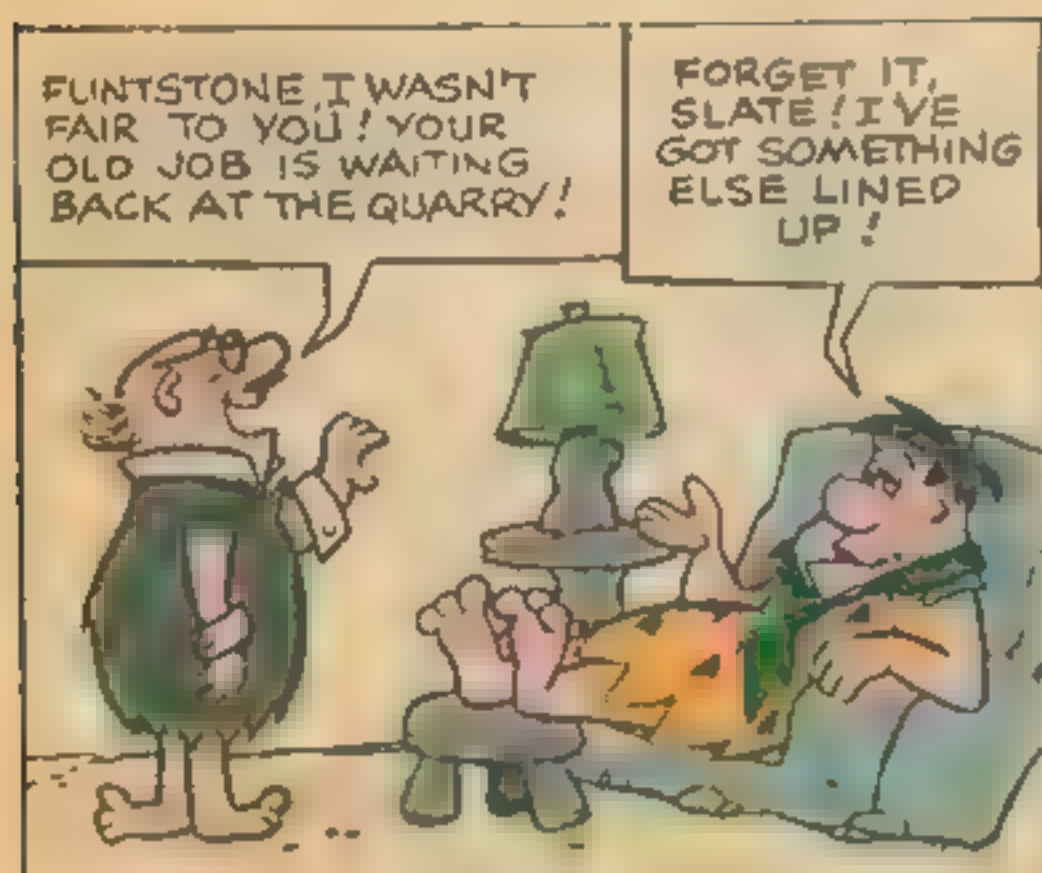
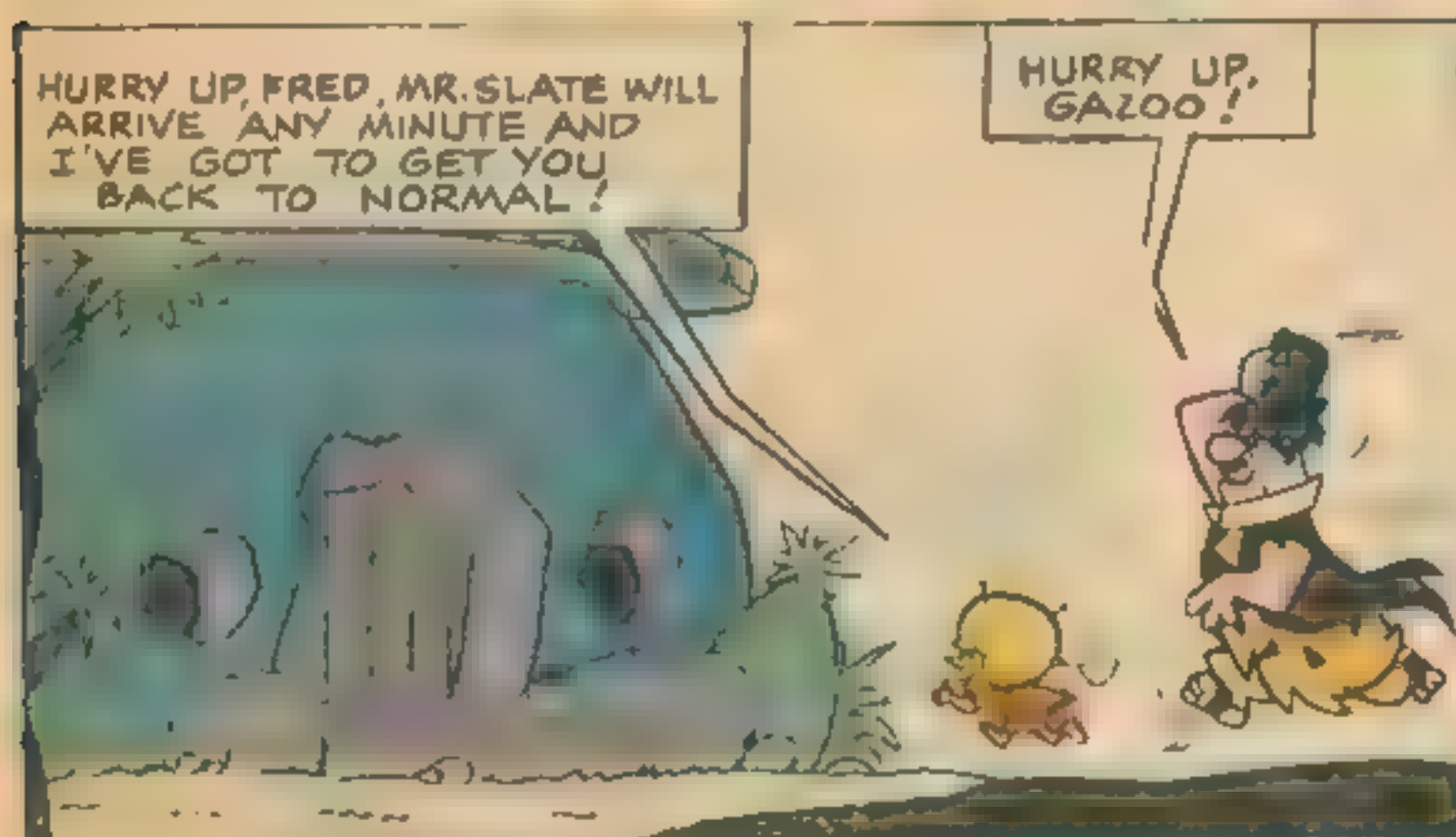
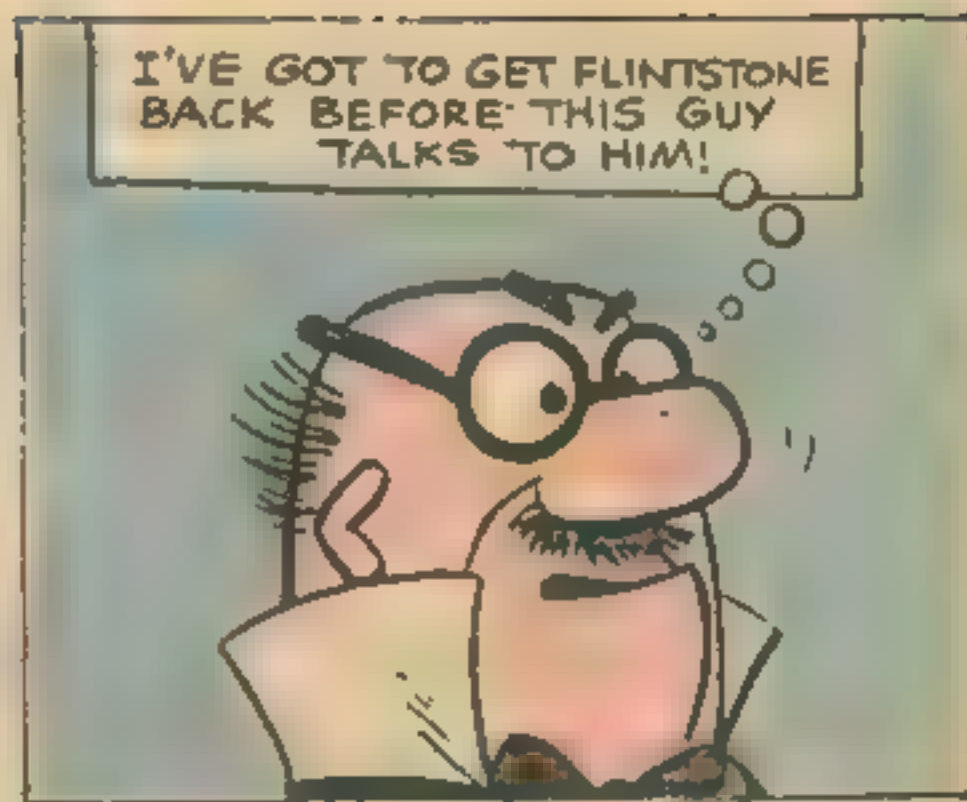
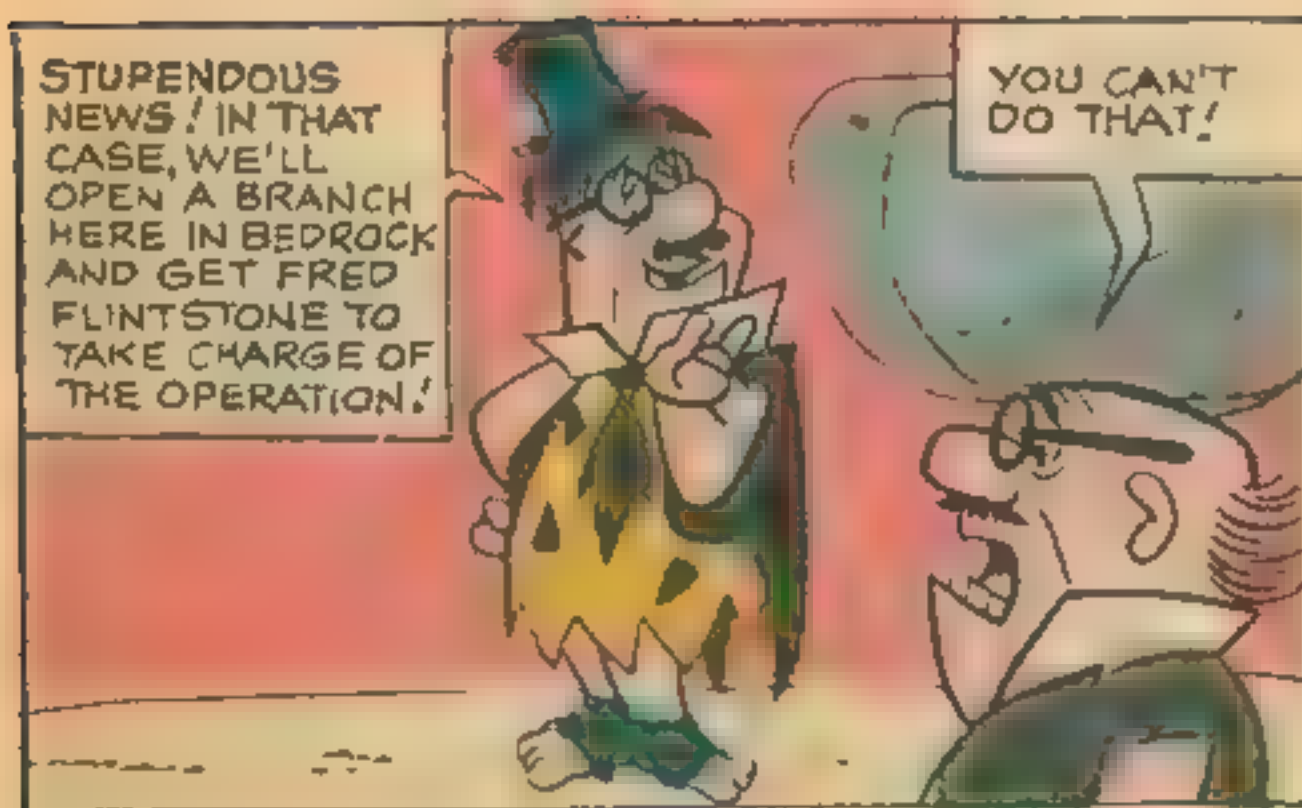


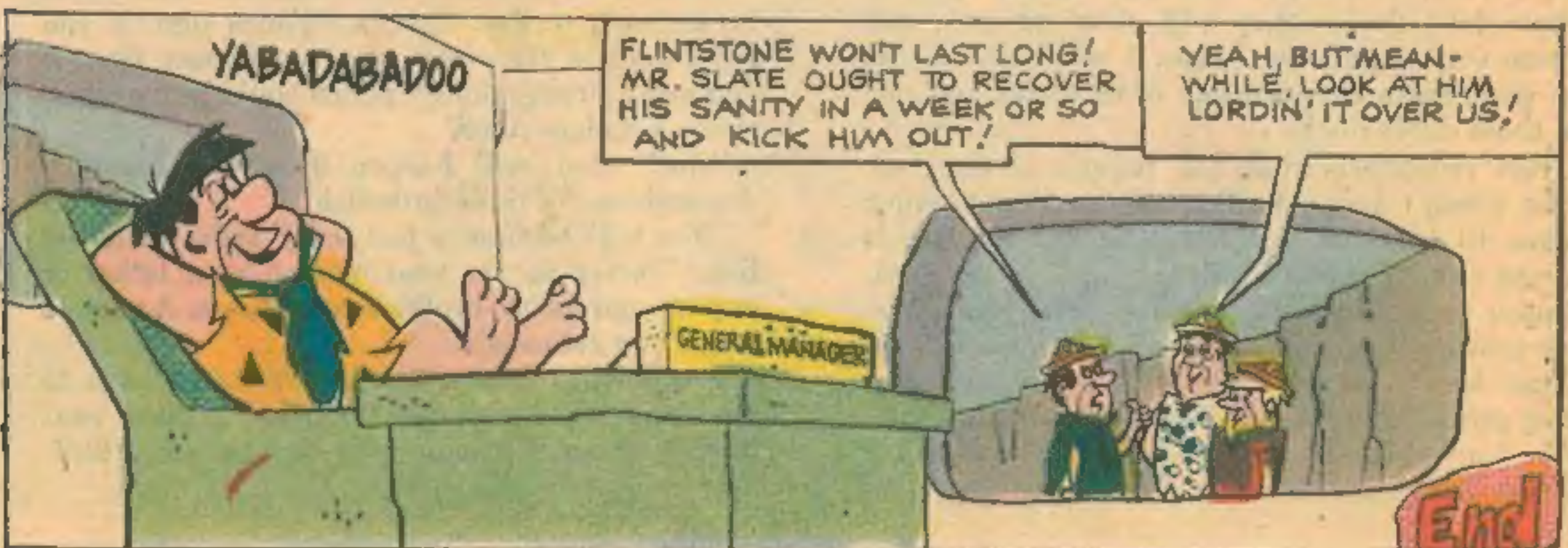
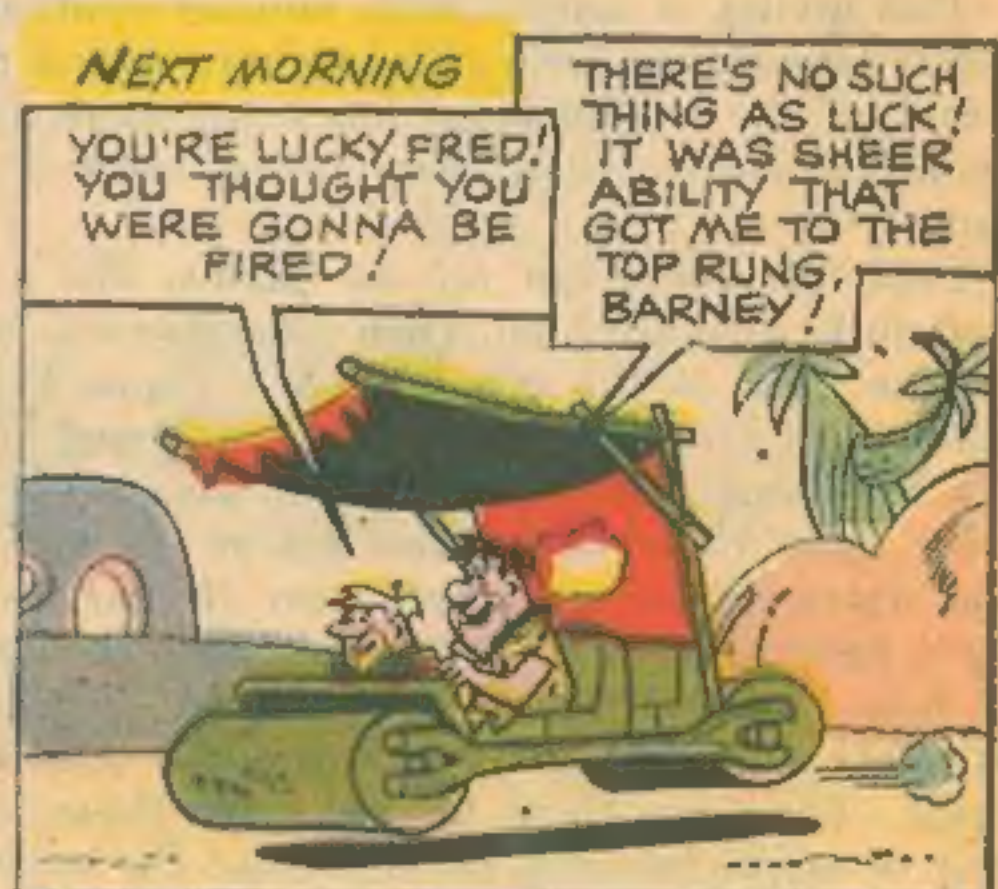


CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES









End

ALWAYS ADVICE

In this world of ours, older creatures like to give advice to younger creatures. Especially when they are in the relationship of parents and offsprings. Makes no difference whether or not these creatures concerned are human beings, birds of the air, animals on the ground, or fish in the waters. The fundamental patter is always the same: Advice to the younger ones. What to do, how to do it, and what not to do.

In the case of humans, you see it at the breakfast table. Mother begins with her little one: "Eat the cereal. All of it. It is good for you."

Baby would much rather play with the cereal. Dig the spoon into the dish. Scatter the cereal. Then laugh. But mother continues in a pleading manner: "One spoonful for mommy. One spoonful for daddy. And one for baby."

This giving of advice with humans continues much longer than with other creatures. And the world of the human being has many more dangerous situations than those facing other creatures.

Take the ducks out on our plains. The wild free ducks that fly high. Then come down to rest on the edge of the marsh lands. Poppa Duck gathers his brood of eight little ones around him. He has some important advice to give to them: "See those three ducks that are at the edge of the water. Right over there near the bushes. I have news for you. Take a good look at them. I have news for you. They aren't real. They are just fake ducks. Made by creatures we call humans. They are there to fool you. There is a man or maybe two men hiding behind the bushes. In a boat. When you get near to say hello to those fake ducks, they will shoot at you. But listen very attentively to me. I will tell you how to distinguish between one of us ducks and one of those decoy ducks."

Just remember what can happen to the duck who doesn't listen to this advice. Won't return home to join the rest of his family. His fate is a sad one. We now turn to SQUIRO the Squirrel. SQUIRO is looking at his three little ones. Who are growing up. And soon will be on there own. What has he to tell them: "It is summer now. The people come here. They will give us peanuts. We stop and look at those human beings. They throw the peanuts near us. Seems to give them

enjoyment watching us take the peanuts from the ground. But we can't eat all of them. We must save them for the winter time. The people will not be here to feed us.

I will show you how and where to hide the peanuts. And to remember where you buried them. If you do not listen attentively to me, you will starve in the winter. We get no food stamps. Nor are we entitled to relief."

You can always spot the squirrel who didn't pay attention. That's the one you see running around in the snow. Trying to figure out where he hid the peanuts. Or maybe he ate them all up and didn't hide them at all. Listen humans, have a heart. Run and get some peanuts for those poor stupid creatures that refused to take good advice. What? No peanuts? Too bad for them!

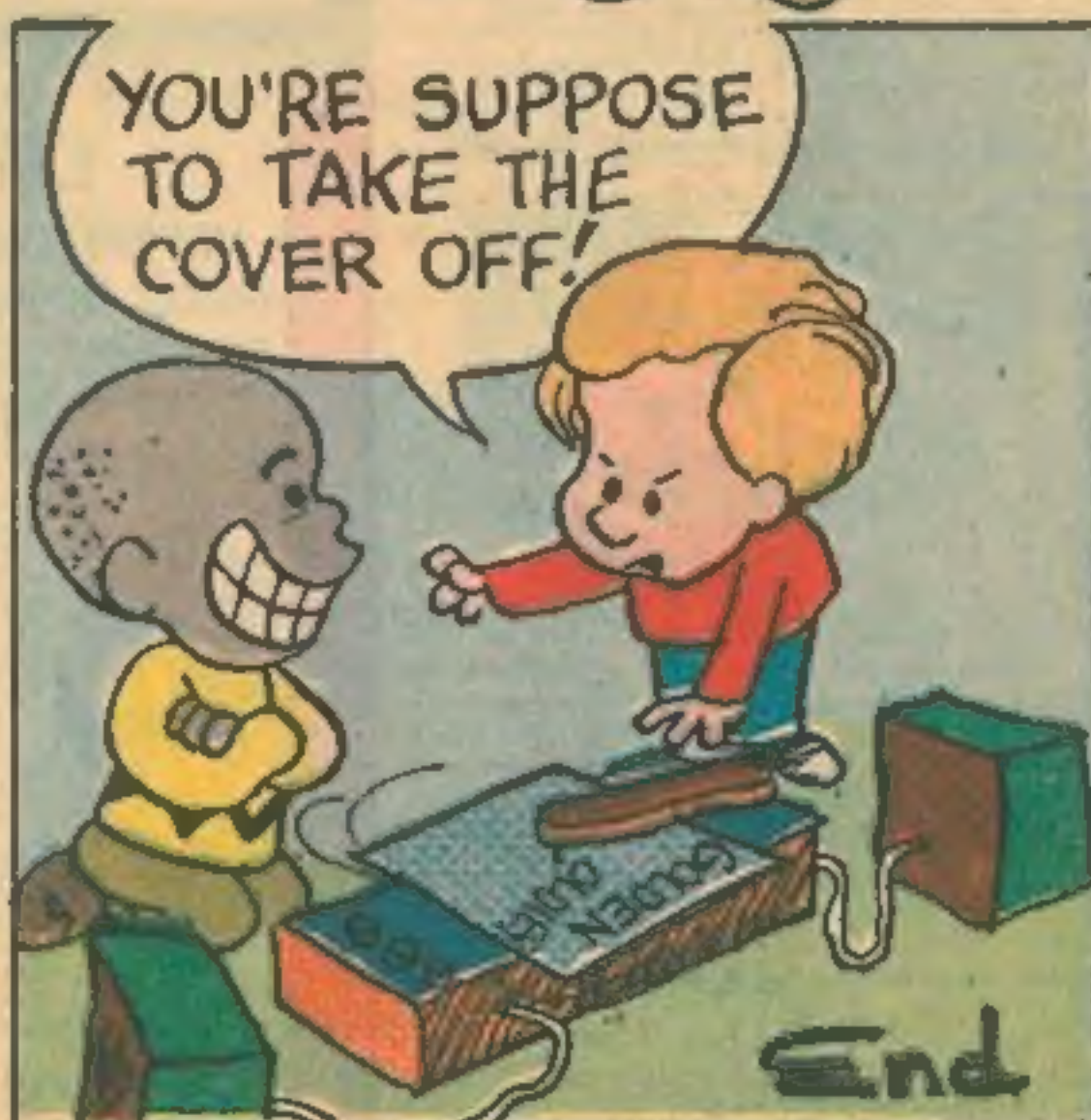
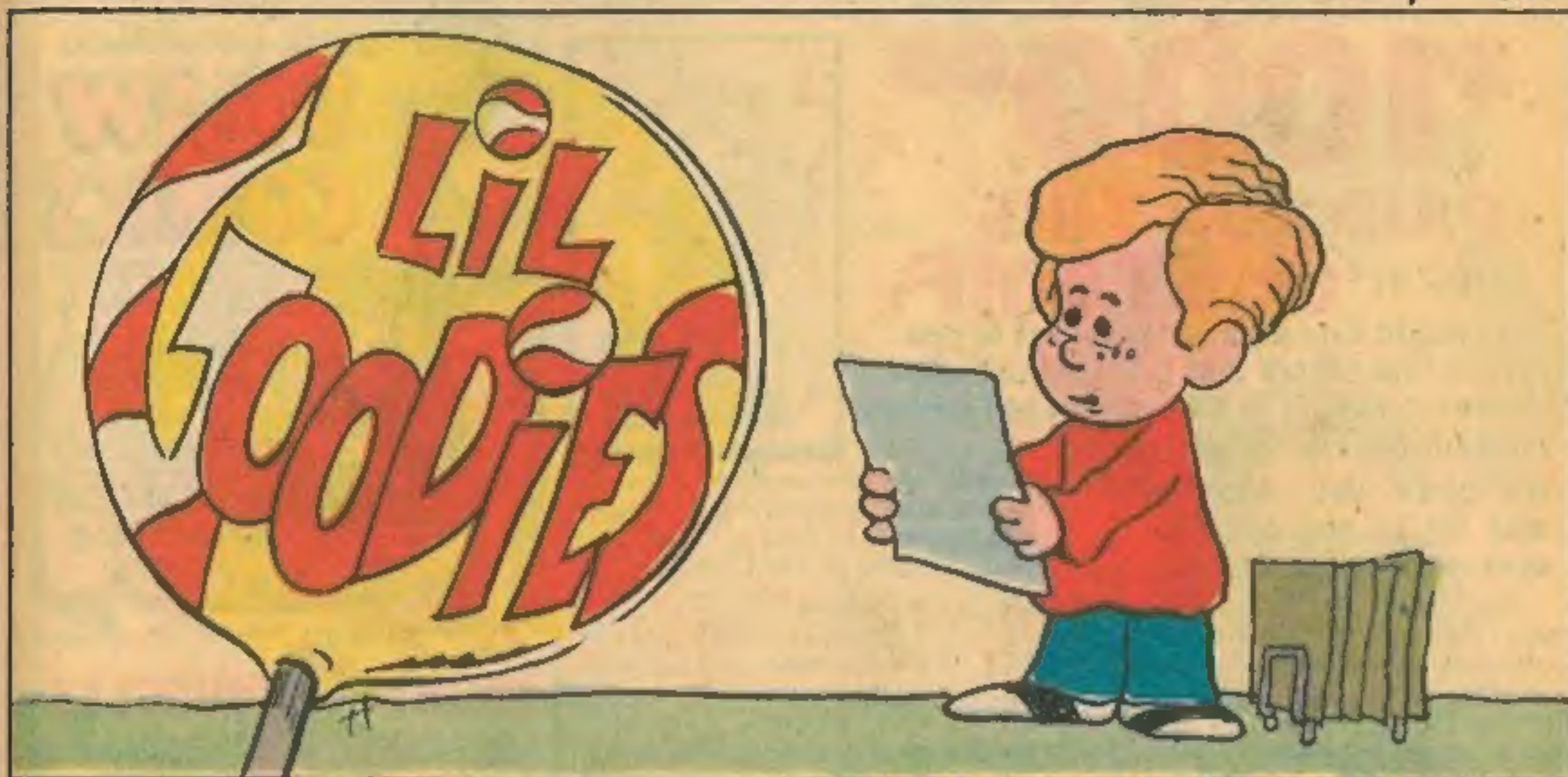
And then we come to the fish in the waters. Fresh water fish as well as salt water fish. Both have the same problems with their young ones: To keep them away from the fisherman. So a fresh water fish father speaks to 34 of his young children: "Today is the first day I am going to let you swim by yourself. We all need food to live. And the time has come to tell you some sad news. There are certain human beings called fishermen. They go for us. They tie worms around hooks. So you have to be very careful. You think that you see a worm going along his way. And you are hungry. What is the normal reaction? To go after that worm and get him. But alas! He may get you. Before you go for any worm, be very careful.

Swim close to him. If he is near you and makes no attempt, to flee. This is a danger sign. If you see a cord in the water, this is a danger sign. If you see a strange object, which could be a sinker, this is a danger sign."

"And what will happen if we get caught," demands one of those little fish.

"You will become a pan fish," sighs the father fish. "Never to see your mother, your father or any of your many brothers and sisters. A terrible fate if you get caught."

You have to decide whether or not to listen to advice of the older ones who really have your interest at heart-whether you be a human, a bird, an animal, or a fish.





MY BROTHER BEATS
ME UP, HE TAKES
MY TOYS...



HE EATS MY CANDY
AND TELLS LIES ON
ME!



WHAT DO YOU
DO?



COMPLAIN!